

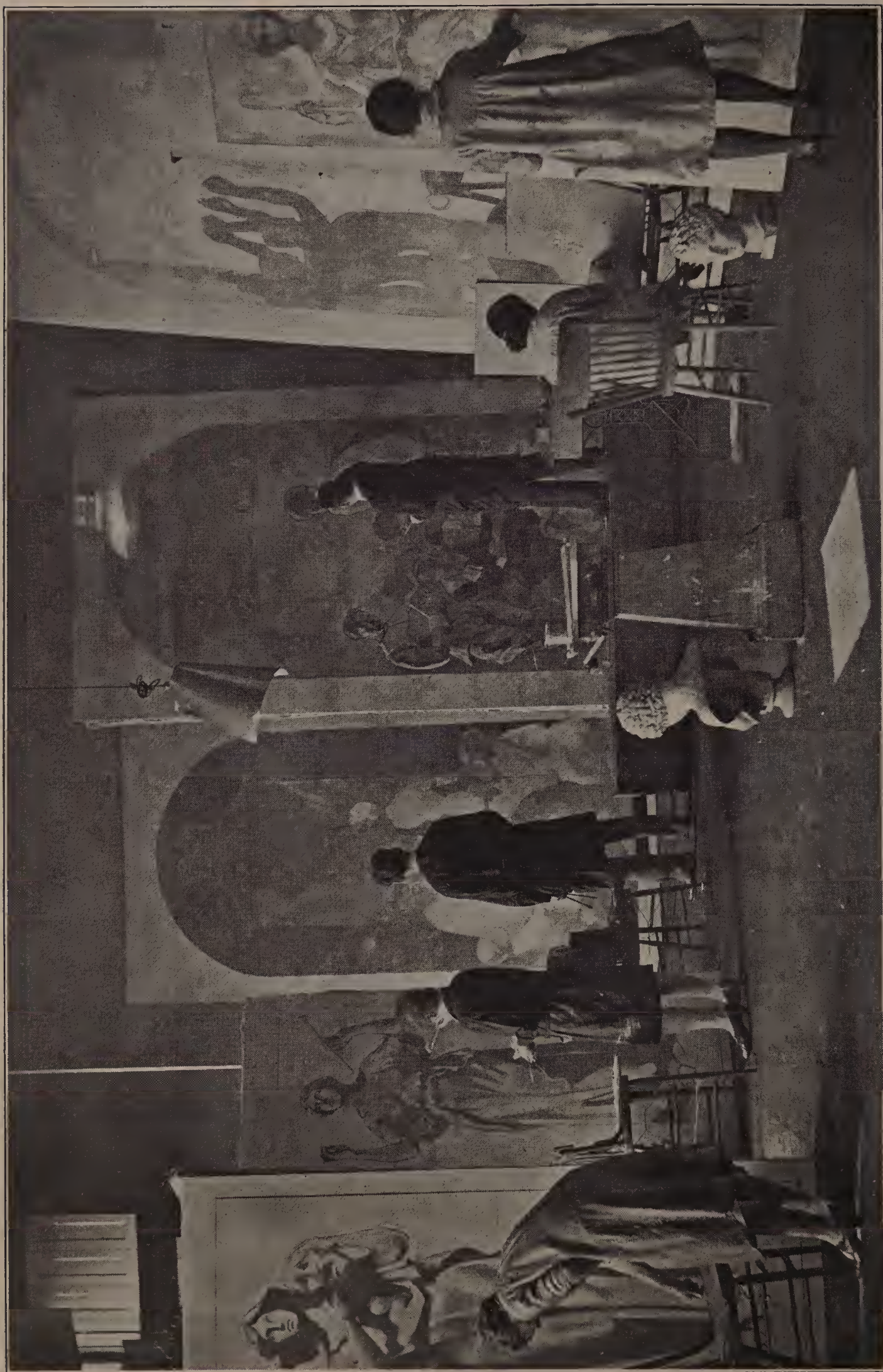
The Vignette

The VIGNETTE

MASSACHUSETTS
SCHOOL OF ART



COMMENCEMENT
ISSUE



Left to right: Zella Buckingham, Margarine Scranton, Jacob Rosenberg, Elmer Greene, Lydia Hess, Marjorie Read.

The VIGNETTE

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The Bridgewater Murals

Last year we were very much interested in the first of the murals made for Bridgewater Normal School by members of the Senior Drawing and Painting Class. This year's Senior Drawing and Painting Class is carrying on the work. We are glad to explain here for the benefit of many inquirers the nature of the work done behind the closed doors on the third floor.

When the Bridgewater Normal School burned a few years ago it was considered quite unfortunate. But ensuing circumstances have so dulled the edge of the incident that in retrospect the occasion appears to have been rather happy.

The building was soon rebuilt with much credit to the architects. It is light and airy and its walls are particularly well adapted to decorative purposes.

It was therefore decided to complete the building with beautiful and adequate decorations which would enable it to claim distinction as being unique among its kind.

To this end a committee was chosen; it decided to give the opportunity of decorating to students in the Massachusetts School of Art, under the supervision of Mr. Andrew.

The most important place to be decorated was the wall of the auditorium; this has five large panels 5 1-2 feet by 11 feet. Between the large panels are smaller ones seven feet high.

For this wall Mr. Andrew evolved an excellent plan. His idea was to represent general education. Realizing the restrictions the five spaces imposed upon so broad a field he chose those subjects which have had the principal influence on our modern education.

From left to right the first is "classical" Greece. This panel represents

Greek youths, who, having just received their arms, are taking the Ephebic Oath (an oath of loyalty to the state) before an altar. Behind the altar is a bearded priest whose hand is raised in a benedictory gesture. The background is a large marble tablet with the Oath engraved upon it. This panel is by Lydia Hess.

Medieval education which was actually a development of the classical is represented in Frank Van Steen's panel "Monastic Education," painted last year. Here a Monk is shown instructing young men who are arranged in front of him. He is seated on a Gothic Chair raised upon a dais. The teacher and two of the youths are clad in robes with cowls hanging down their backs. In the background is a crucifix and tall candelabra.

The next and central panel shows Horace Mann, founder of the Normal School Movement and also of the Bridgewater Normal School standing in the background with Cyrus Pierce at his side. In the foreground is the first graduating class consisting of only three girls. This was painted last year by Robert C. Haun.

The subject of the succeeding panel, like the Horace Mann picture, is local in character. It shows the first school at Dedham which was the first in America to be run by public funds. The master, standing at

the right, listens to the recitation of a scholar. Seated on a "form" between them are two other boys industriously bent over the same book. Another boy puts wood in the fireplace which forms the background. This one is by Elmer W. Greene.

The last panel, by Jacob G. Rosenberg, represents Hebrew education. There are four brightly dressed young boys sitting on the floor in front of a rabbi dressed in white. There is another boy who stands respectfully making his recitation. The seven branched candlestick is lighted in the background beside the silk covered Ark. On top of the Ark are the 10 commandments and on the silk is the interlacing star of David.

Between the above panels are the Muses: Melpomene, the tragic muse, by Zella Buckingham; the Muse of Lyric poetry, by Margarite Scranton; and the Muse of pastoral poetry, by Marjorie Read. The fourth smaller panel has not yet been completed. These panels are a lovely gray and will fit admirably into the wall which is a soft pink.

For all of the pictures the utmost research was required and they are, therefore, as accurate as possible. They were all developed from small sketches and a vast amount of effort was spent on them. It is sincerely hoped they will satisfy the taste of a discriminating public.

E. W. G.

On Producing Shakespearean Drama

There is a growing interest in drama in America. This interest has been kept active by the rapidly gaining Little Theatre movement. The old desire to go to the theatre and see something done is being supplanted by the new urge to go to the theatre and do it one's self. This is a normal development, the result of starvation rations in worth while professional productions. The movies have not yet proven their worth; only occasionally do we have a great picture, and fortunately there is a growing body of people who are not satisfied to sit through the usual drivel. When we do secure worth while things in the theatre, the prices are nearly always beyond our means. Occasionally, a woman like Eva Le Gallienne comes along and makes it possible for the average person to see a worth while production at reasonable rates. (The professional theatre world never quite recovered from the shock it received when she actually made her seemingly wild scheme pay.) This does not happen often, so that the average group desirous of the best in drama must turn to and create for itself as best it can.

The Little Theatre Movement draws its talent from schools and colleges, and it is to the early development of this talent that Percival Chubb turns his attention in the April number of *The Drama*. He urges an annual Shakespeare celebration in the schools pointing out that professional performances of Shakespeare are becoming fewer and fewer. This is quite true. The Shakespearean production has become so rare as to be regarded as a novelty. The result is that the theatre-going public has lost its old familiarity with the Shakespearean language and lacks the understanding necessary to get the most out of the Shakespearean play. Ashley Dukes, in the *Theatre Arts Monthly*, even goes so far as to worry lest some eager young modern with more ingenuity than common sense undertake to modernize the language to fit the intelligence of the great American public! Mr. Chubb would avoid this by educating the future public through the high schools. A four year progressive course, in his plan, would

culminate in a Shakespeare celebration, during which the school would actually produce a Shakespearean play, or a portion of a play. This would keep the future public in touch with the Shakespearean language and ensure Shakespeare's place in the American theatre.

In a sense, these difficulties seem far-fetched, for the booksellers tell us that next to the Bible, the works of Shakespeare sell the best. An interesting experiment was conducted in the April *Vanity Fair*. Ten men who are at present before the public eye in the fields of literature, drama, and philosophy, were asked to evaluate on a basis of from one to twenty-five about one hundred and fifty subjects. This list included everything from Peaches Browning to the Ten Commandments, with points of interest representative of drama, literature, music, art, and philosophy, in between. The votes were averaged in each case, and Shakespeare led with an average of 21.9. Voltaire was second on the list with an average of 18.5. Leonardo Da Vinci headed the list of artists with an average of 16.6. This, of course, proves nothing but the joint opinions of these ten men, but it is of interest that they should cast the highest number of votes for Shakespeare. A similar experiment was tried six years ago with ten different men and Shakespeare headed the list then, as now.

The value of such a course as Mr. Chubb outlines is easily seen. The course would extend through the four years of school and the final celebration would correlate the work of several departments. The brunt of the work would be carried on by the English department, studying on a theatre basis; that is, a definite attempt would be made at reading the plays with emphasis on the fact that they were written for actual production and never as closet dramas. Of course, the only way to really get an understanding of any play is to read it, not as a novel or as a short story, but as a dramatic action. Too often appreciation of Shakespeare is spoiled by the incompetent teacher. Shakespeare need not be studied from the old "word and meaning" point of view. One studies him rather for

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The Chronicle of a Slight Disappointment

I had decided to write an essay on the exquisite Kuan Yin of polychromed wood that occupies a room of its own in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It was to be a brilliant essay with a highly aesthetic and rather scholarly tinge. The style was to be superbly lyrical, the matter was to be memorable. I intended to contrast the refinement of this Oriental statue with the barbarity, almost, of Romanesque sculpture of the same period, the twelfth century. But chiefly I meant to stress the intense religious ardor the image inspired in me. Always I had felt the impulse to fall upon my knees before it. I never did—there were always too many people nearby. And always had I been drawn to kiss the statue's foot. I had never done that either—the sight of the ancient wood and the thought that for seven centuries men had pressed their lips upon it had always stopped me. But I was going to visit Kuan Yin again, pray before it, kiss the wooden foot, and write an unparalleled essay.

Now that I haven't written the essay, I can tell you all these things.

I went to the Museum. Ceremonies should never be hurried, and I was anxious to perform this one with great elegance. So I went to the print rooms. I looked with all my heart at the Goyas and the Durers. When I had finished, I was filled with the proper humility and the proper composure. I went upstairs. Perhaps it would be well to study the twelfth century Spanish murals. I sat down on one of the narrow, uncomfortable pews in the tiny chapel. I regarded solemnly the archaic paintings. The figures with their staring, lifeless eyes might hypnotize the unworldly, but they could never inspire in me any emotion more passionate than amusement. Charming but crude, angular and meaningless. All these centuries had not softened the uninteresting colors. Even the conventional designs were dull. The gentlemen who were supposedly upholding the firmament seemed to be dangling from it instead—not that it matters. I looked up at the jovial blankness that shone on the face of the Christ and thought of the ex-

pression of the Buddhist divinity I had come to see.

Past all the cruel and stupid masks of the sculptured gods, I hurried toward Kuan Yin.

The sanctuary of the God of Compassion was not empty. A girl was drawing the statue, a girl with flaxen hair and a smock of the deadly pink that smocks are made of. Of course she did not go away, and of course I could not ask her to do so. I felt baffled, yea, foiled. I did not condescend to look at her drawing; I felt bad enough already.

In spite of my disappointment, I could not help noticing the gentle calm of the whole figure, and how beautiful the statue is with the head bent slightly forward and the sexless body at ease. Truly, a God of Compassion! But it was the coloring that enchanted me most. There can be nothing in the world lovelier in color than this Kuan Yin.

Still, I did not feel quite the same effect that I had known before. It may have been wholly because the girl was there; it may have been in part because my imagination had colored my memory. Certainly the head of the statue is a trifle pretty-pretty and the anatomy of the god not exactly perfect. But I felt the old impulse to worship the God of Compassion. I could not go down on my knees in the sight of that placid girl; so I stepped several feet behind her and knelt and bowed my head. Nothing happened. Soon a woman came by. I rose and knelt no more. The woman was accompanied by a little girl in a crushed-strawberry colored dress and a bright red hat. They irritated me horribly. More people came. For some reason or other, every single one of them irritated me horribly. I stayed there a long time. I did not know quite what to do about the essay. Finally I lost Kuan Yin, all but the color—the divine color. Whether I shall ever commune with the god again, I do not know.

As I passed through the doorway of the Museum, I heard the liquid notes of a robin's song and smelled the faint fragrance of forsythia blossoms. The robin sat among the leafless branches of a tree at one side of the great entrance. His breast was a dull, untidy orange, but there

was nothing wrong with his music. The yellow forsythias were rather muddy but they were beautiful and sweet. The magnolias were full of large, squashy flowers, pretty though plump.

Suddenly, I knew what to do about the essay.

I smilingly regarded the statue of Juno wearing a pointed crown and fondling her pet peacocks. I decided to walk back to school. It had been raining and would probably rain more. However, it was a warm day and a spring day. I smiled at the statue of Apollo—or is it Orpheus?—with his lyre. Even the agonized attitude of the gentleman who is dying, or doing something similarly strenuous, could not annoy me today.

I looked at the sky. It was grey and cloudy, yet a particular greyness and cloudiness that made it seem more transparent than blue sky, that suggested its infinity. The sky was sublimely beautiful. Art? I wondered why people did not look more often at the sky.

BARBARA SPOFFORD.

If You Don't Like Onions, Skip This

We have been interested to notice that His Majesty, King George V has just had a remarkable addition to his library of personal books, a volume that anyone who professes interest in the literary art would find indispensable. Considering the modest price of this choice gem we recommend it to our readers, though the English instructor does not require his pupils to purchase it. The volume, or I believe it is a set, published by the Oxford University Press is the New English Dictionary begun in 1884—now available at all good bookstores for only \$425. and upwards. Mr. Charles D. Onions who completed the work certainly had a strong scent for good of future generations. He knew his—red, Bermuda, or common garden variety.

Succor! Succor!

Do you ever have so many mental jolts that your head aches? Mine aches now.

Didactic school teachers told me it was a crime punishable by death to split an infinitive. I believed every

word, and trembled, but continued to split infinitives with devilish glee. Now I am told to go ahead and split 'em—who cares?

From earliest remembrance I have been taught to look upon portrait painting as the finest of arts. "Why," those sentimental dowagers would effervesce, "look at Reynolds and Whistler, child, and Gainsborough, and—and all the rest!" "Yes'm," would be my trustful reply, and henceforth portrait painting was placed with the archangels. But now I must believe that portrait painting is the most degrading of the arts, and ranks just above advertising shoes in the newspapers. Sometimes progress is so painful.

Once my English teacher told, as one of her perennial jokes, the story of the deluded girl who was going to write a novel about the Grand Canyon—and she had never been further west than Somerville! Of course I laughed—how idiotic for one to write about a place one had never seen. And today, after finishing a beautiful story placed in *Peru*, written, surely, by a native, at least, I find that Thornton Wilder has never seen Peru, to say nothing of having lived there! More broken idols to sweep out.

At one time I was told to make things look real, to make them just as they are. Since then I have learned that it is a virtue to see how far from "like" I can make them. And the farther, the better!

Everything is so unreal. What is one to believe? One set of idols has crumbled—shall I, then, proceed to set up new ones? I do not wish to set up false ones again; therefore, whom am I to believe? How am I to know which is wrong and which is right? Is it, then, better to accept one until it is proved wrong, or to disbelieve all until one is proved right?

Oh, I am so confused! These modernists are so cocksure, while the old masters tried sincerely to express what they were seeking in life, yet were not sure. What can I take as a basis of belief?

Truly life's lesson is to unlearn painlessly what one has so painfully learned!

JEAN HARPER.

Before the "Mike"

Since the pioneer days of cat-whisker detectors and one-slide tuning coils, I have been a member of that now vast and cosmopolitan organization, the brotherhood of listeners-in. Consequently, when the news reached me that I was to participate in a radio broadcast of one of our recent sophomore dramatic offerings, my reaction was one of enthusiastic anticipation, not unmixed with trepidation. The social prestige accruing to those distinguished mortals who have at one time or another flung their voices over the oscillating waves was undeniable. Nevertheless, I was conscious of disquieting recollections of strange and fantastic tales of "mike fever" and other perils of the broadcasting studio.

On the appointed evening, our little band of stalwarts arrived at station W——— well before the scheduled time. A genial, young man who proved to be the announcer and general master-of-ceremonies ushered us into the reception room. It was a pleasant place, comfortably furnished with a flat-topped desk, cushioned settee, and a generous supply of chairs. As I glanced about I was conscious of a familiar feeling usually experienced while waiting to interview gentlemen of the dental profession. To cover my discomfort, I began to study the other inmates. Beside our group, there were some half-dozen others waiting their turn to go on the air. It was apparent that several of these were novices like ourselves, for they seemed mildly apprehensive and ill at ease. One or two, however, appeared to be calloused veterans imbued with an air of maddening nonchalance.

At one side of the room were a set and loud speaker turned to the station transmitter, thus enabling the announcer to determine how the program was being received. Adjacent to this was the wall separating the anteroom from the broadcasting chamber. This wall was of unusual thickness and contained a long, narrow panel of heavy glass through which the performers in the inner sanctum could be observed. Gazing at this panel, I was pleasantly reminded of a description I had read of the lethal-gas chamber employed in a western penitentiary. I had scarcely imparted

this cheering thought to some of my colleagues, when we were further heartened by the announcer's dictum that the "would be ready for us in a minute".

A moment later the heavy door swung open and we entered the sanctum sanctorum. If the atmosphere of the reception room had been fraught with tension, it had at least been partially relieved by whispered conversation and the sound of the loud speaker. However, in this inner chamber one was struck by a curious and oppressive silence. A thick, soft carpet deadened all footfalls, while the walls were covered with an insulating composition of cork and fiber. The ceiling was quite low and covered with the same material to absorb all echoes and reflections of sound. A grand piano stood in one corner and near it, a phonograph. Toward the center of the room, mounted on a slender rod, was the glittering high priest of this holy of holies, the fearful and wonderful "mike". Stepping before it, the announcer presented us to the invisible audience, a red light glowed in the farther wall, and we were "on the air".

It felt strange and uncanny to address this cold and unresponsive instrument, and it required tremendous effort to utter the first few words. I was acutely conscious of an atmosphere of unreality, a curious, heavy stillness that hung like a thick blanket. Words seemed to fall dully into this silence and become enveloped into its mantling folds. It was like trying to talk in a heavy wind where the words are snatched from your lips. I struggled unconsciously to speak louder, fearing lest the sound of my voice might not reach the microphone. Yet curiously enough, I was aware at the same time, that this silent, delicate mechanism registered the slightest sound. Perhaps the very silence and impersonal aloofness of the "mike" inspired this futile effort. One can quickly sense the reactions of a visible audience through their audible expressions of commendation or disapproval. But here were no murmurs of approval, no applause, no upturned, warm, human faces; nothing but hushed stillness and cold, impersonal machinery.

And yet, paradoxically enough,

there was something very human about it. This uncanny instrument was, after all, the agency of contact, the link, with hundreds of people, invisible though they were. It seemed as if these many listeners had somehow projected themselves through this device into the very room and were hovering like an unseen presence.

As the play progressed and nothing untoward happened, we gradually felt more at ease. Time passed swiftly, and almost before we realized it we reached the "final curtain". The big door swung open again and we filed silently back to the outer world, the world of light, noise, and laughter.

Just before we stepped out into the street where trolleys rumbled and taxis clattered in a welter of welcome sound, I glanced back through the glass panel. Within the low ceilinged chamber of the silence, the genial announcer was presenting the next victim to the great god "mike".

KENNETH H. BARTON.

Our School Goes To Pops!

We belong to the most variable group of people in the world! Meet us here at school and you will find us dirty, paint or clay smeared and very "Arty" spouting great names such as "Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci and Giotto", and the dreary look in our eyes would influence you to consider us as of another world quite. But, however, underneath this covering of dirt and dreaminess you will find a soul which may be intrigued by a good book or soothed by a concert of good music. So occasionally we arise in a body and go to Pops. Then what fun we have, and our beloved faculty proves the affection they have for us for we are all a happy family.

Pops! the very name makes one feel at ease and very happy. What a wealth of excitement in a name! The little tables from which from time to time arises a thin streamer of smoke; those tables with the utmost capacity for friendliness, because of the odd number of seats to a table! We are unconscious of the weaving in and out of the waitresses so intent is our interest in the orchestra. The baton is raised and many of our friends have not arrived yet, but they are forgotten as the baton falls and orchestra

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A view of one of the Grand Central Art Galleries, one of the most beautiful galleries in the country. The large bronze on the pedestal in the doorway, the figure of a woman with arms outstretched is Daniel Chester French's "*Spirit of Life*". To the left of the door is a bronze group by Evelyn Longman Bachelder, "*Consecration*."

Courtesy of The Grand Central Galleries, N. Y. C.

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What Should an Artist Study?

Suppose you were running an Art School, would you require your students of Painting, of Design and of Modeling, to study academic subjects such as Psychology and English, or would you say that such subjects belong to the Colleges of Liberal Arts and have no place in Art Schools? As a matter of fact, there is some difference of opinion about this question even among artists themselves. From some of them you hear that four years is all too short a time in which to master even the rudiments of technic in creative Art; that for anything like success, even for a talented student, a life-time of study and practice is necessary. You are told that an artist worthy of the name will fill in the gaps of his general education by wide reading after graduation, that for the purpose of general culture such subjects as Literature and English Composition and Art History, to say nothing of the more general subjects Sociology and Psychology, may safely be left for post-graduate study. It is only a short step from this line of reasoning to the belief that because one is specializing in Painting he should not waste time with subjects of secondary importance to the Painter, such as Modeling, Mechanical Drawing, Architecture and Perspective, but that whatever need for such information develops later one may always spend an afternoon or two in the Library and, extract whatever is necessary for immediate requirements thus saving many hours of time for one's Art specialty which would otherwise be squandered in learning facts not vital enough to justify remembering.

The opposite view is based upon the psychological and physiological principle that the period of formative

youth is the time of all times in one's life when he can most easily form useful mental and physical habits, and when he may with least effort gain and retain information. This view also holds that such classified knowledge is necessary if a person is to fit into his place in society as a reasonably informed and educated man. The Artist is, of course, an individualist, his very calling makes him one; but this does not justify him in separating himself from the world and speaking a language which nobody but a recluse trained like himself can understand. He has to live his life in communal relationship with his fellows and cannot escape his social responsibilities. Then, too, if subjects like English and History take time away from one's major Art interest, it is at least reasonable to predict that because of predominant interest this loss will be made good in later years,—while it is extremely doubtful that after graduation, time will ever be found for concentrated study on subjects like Psychology and Literature. From the point of view of general culture, my own experience has been that even superficial elementary study of a subject makes one at least somewhat intelligent toward it when in later years he meets with problems relating to it. If, on the contrary, he misses this general study in some specialized field of thought, this field remains thereafter more or less a closed book and blind spot in his general education.

The Art School at this stage in its own development, and in that of Art education in general, must exist primarily for the purpose of turning out leaders. When this function ceases, the usefulness of the School will be over. Leaders cannot be trained on a limited diet; they must have a bal-

anced ration. The same person who objects to loss of time from his pursuit of Art to go to a Class of Psychology, will be likely to look upon attendance at Assembly, or at a Glee Club rehearsal or a Pageant, as a waste of time. Happily, the people who feel this way seem to be growing fewer. The office has tried to find jobs for these "single-track" enthusiasts after they have graduated. One MAY have such convincing genius in his specialty that in spite of a lack of professional service, he cannot be denied. The industries recognize his talent and make a place for him. Our experience has been that many of them can be denied, and are, and then, because they have shunned their social opportunities at School and are not up to the professional standard in their Art, they are often scheduled for a hard bump and an embittering disillusionment.

The manager of a leading Boston confectionery establishment recently told a group of school executives that his firm will not employ a candy maker who was only a candy maker, he must have other interest; that as between two carpenters who knew their trade equally well, while one in addition was a baseball enthusiast, the employment manager would choose the baseball devotee. Therefore in Art we believe the Biblical truth that "one cannot serve God and Mammon" does not mean that one's specialty is the only thing he should study while he turns a deaf ear to everything else. It means rather that success comes to him who serves God through serving his fellowman; and the wider his study and experience, the more vital he has made his social contacts, the more conspicuous will be both his service and his success.

FREDERICK M. WILDER.

Due Tribute

Often this past year people have said to some of us on the *Vignette* Staff, "When does the next copy come out?" We are glad if you have looked forward to and enjoyed the magazine. So many have helped us, from the patient ones who solicit advertisements to the inspired students who dash off brilliant ideas and laboriously put in correct punctuation that "our staff" really includes many whose names have never been known. To these modest ones who like to help and remain in oblivion we express our appreciation.

Miss Munsterberg, Miss Whittier, Mrs. Whittet, Miss Hathaway, Mr. Porter, Mr. Cowell, and Mr. Wilder have written for us, and have been very helpful with constructive criticism.

The average student doesn't realize how much thought and care go into the make-up of a magazine. We have our masterpieces in art and literature because people through the years have dreamed and had the courage to try to realize a great ideal. Hovering in the background, coming to the rescue in times of dire need, Mr. Jamison has held before us a "vision glorious." If the *Vignette* has meant anything to you, it is because he has guided our youthful exuberance and enthusiasm.

The Commencement Speaker

The Commencement Speaker this year will be Walter Prichard Eaton, a Massachusetts boy who graduated from Phillips Andover Academy in 1896 and from Harvard University in 1900. In both institutions Mr. Eaton was fond of his books, and at Andover was chosen to deliver the Means Oration, a coveted honor which was only won through high scholarship. Harvard developed his interest in classical subjects, in literature and the drama, and he started life after graduation as a reporter on the *Boston Journal*, later to transfer to New York where for several years he was Dramatic Critic for the *New York Sun*. Shortly after this he was lecturing in the School of Journalism at Columbia University.

However, it is as a contributor to our National Magazines and as a writer of books that Mr. Eaton is best known to the public, for his enthusiasm for writing has had results in

creative literature. Among his various works, some of them the product of his early years, is a whole series of books relating to the Theatre; another group of eight or ten volumes devoted to Boy Scout interests and adventures, and a whole list of miscellaneous writings, some of them delightfully entertaining, which relate principally to Art and to Country living, a form of enjoyment which is one of Mr. Eaton's outstanding characteristics. Indeed, in 1917 he moved to an abandoned farm in the Berkshires, which had nearly reverted to its native state, and one of his most satisfying achievements in the years that have followed has been the restoration of this fine, old homestead, the re-dedication of its wasted acres to their original beauty, and the re-planning of the lovely garden which had once adorned it. Here in the comfortable farm house, to which he has given the appealing name "Twin Fires", Mr. Eaton "holes up", as he says, and beside the wood fire in his study, surrounded by the deep snows of a Berkshire winter, he writes his books, and the discriminating articles we read in the *Mentor*, and other periodicals, on everything from collecting antiques and restoring paintings to methods of block printing and eliminating billboards from our highways. This last, in fact, the prohibiting of outdoor advertising, is a hobby with him, and one is not surprised to learn that Mr. Eaton is actively associated with State and Nation wide movements for conserving the natural beauty of our countryside.

Before this feeble appreciation of an old classmate appears in print, he will have read at Andover his anniversary poem as part of the celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth birthday of that famous School, the dreading of which, he assures me, (and I believe him), has ruined a perfectly good winter.

Such is the versatile personality which comes to us with a word of good cheer at Commencement. In his life Mr. Eaton gives us a practical demonstration of his own teaching, that in following worth-while interests and in forming true friendships, lie the permanent satisfactions of life.

F. M. W.

My Favorite

According to a rather hasty vote in the Senior Class we find its favorites in art, literature, and music as follows: painter, Rembrandt; sculptor, Michelangelo; poets, Shelley and Keats; author, Dickens; dramatist, Shakespeare; composer, Beethoven.

Most of the paintings chosen were by Rembrandt. Favorite pieces of sculpture included *Venus de Milo*, *Death Stilling the Hand of the Sculptor*, *The Kiss*, *The Shaw Memorial*, *The Appeal to the Great Spirit*, and Michelangelo's *David*, *Day and Night*, and *Moses*.

Musical compositions were so numerous it is impossible to print them all. They ranged from the *Lullaby from Jocelyn* through Beethoven's 4th, 5th, and 9th Symphony to *What does it matter?* by Irving Berlin.

Poems included *Hiawatha*, *The Sensitive Plant*, *Paradise Lost*, *The Highwayman*, *Eve of St. Agnes*, *Crossing the Bar*, *Trees*, *Ode to a Skylark*, *Annabel Lee*, *The Grasshopper and the Cricket*, *The Passing of Arthur*, *On the Road to Mandalay*, *I burn my candle at both ends*, and *Invictus* by Henly.

The favorite drama was *Hamlet* while many other of Shakespeare's plays were chosen.

None agreed on a favorite book. Some which were chosen are: *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *The Outline of History*, *The Little Minister*, *Jane Eyre*, *Peter Pan*, *The Golden Treasury*, *Sorrel and Son*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *The Forsyte Saga*, and *Crime and Punishment*.

Authors chosen other than Dickens were Tolstoi, Ring Lardner, Temple Bailey, H. G. Wells, Poe, Donne Byrne, Thornton Wilder, Verne, Holmes, Max Beerbohn, Warwick Deeping, Christopher Morley, Rupert Hughes, and George Eliot.

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story-telling ability, dramaturgy, and delineation of character. While the actual appreciation of Shakespeare as a dramatist might be developed by the English department, the Art department would figure very largely in the final production, as would the departments of Music and Physical Culture. This final production would be a benefit to the community in general, and the school in particular.

DORIS WHITTAKER.

The Golden Shoes

The winds are lashing on the sea;
The roads are blind with storm.
And it's far and far away with me;
So bide you there, stay warm.
It's forth I must, and forth today;
And I have no path to choose.
The highway hill, it is my way still.—
Give me my golden shoes.

*God gave them me on that first day
I knew that I was young.
And I looked far forth, from west to
north;
And I heard the Songs unsung.*

This cloak is worn too threadbare
thin,
But ah, how weatherwise!
This girdle serves to bind it in;
What heed of wondering eyes?—
And yet beside, I wear one pride
Too bright, think you, to use?—
That I must wear, and still keep
fair.—
Give here my golden shoes.

*God gave them me, on that first day
I heard the Stars all chime.
And I looked forth far, from road to
star;
And I knew it was far to climb.*

They would buy me house and hearth,
no doubt,
And the mirth to spend and share;
Could I sell that gift, and go without,
Or wear—what neighbors wear.
But take my staff, my purse, my
script;
For I have one thing to choose.
For you—Godspeed! May you soothe
your need.
For me, my golden shoes!

*He gave them me, that far, first day
When I heard all Songs unsung.
And I looked far forth, from west to
north,
God saw that I was young!*

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

At the Galleries

Taken as a whole, the exhibitions of the past month have been interesting; even society deigned to show interest.

Aldro Hibbard's paintings at the Guild were particularly fine from the standpoint of design and technical skill. Somehow at a Hibbard show it is always difficult to keep one's distance for long; the broad strokes of thick, fresh paint invite closer inspection. After having put your nose as near as possible to the canvas, you step back and vow mentally that the next time you pick up a paint brush you are going to experiment with broad strokes just to see what happens. Usually the attempt at Hibbardizing ends in a series of little dabs and resignation. Just at present we detect Mr. Hibbard's awakening to the need of a focus which will remedy somewhat the disturbing photographic element which sends one away from a Hibbard exhibition vaguely unsatisfied despite the good drawing, design, and fresh color. It may be that a bit of mystery would fill the desire for something more.

If you like the careful and precise treatment in painting the Copley Gallery display of water-colors by Mrs. Elliott was probably to your liking, otherwise you were uninterested. Landscape, flower, and animal studies were all done with characteristic precision and care which, though lacking sparkle and fire, had a certain delicacy.

Then there were portraits by Jonniaux at Doll and Richards, and at the Vose Gallery a colorful group of paintings by Abbot Graves, particularly interesting because of the improvement in style over his exhibit of two or three years previous. Mr. Graves delights especially in charming Colonial doorways, courtyards of New Orleans, and great masses of flowers in full bloom. Characteristic is brilliant fresh color and deft handling; the general spirit of his work exhales a love of nature and his profession.

Another phase of nature was presented by Jonas Lie following the Graves exhibition at the Vose Gallery. We have long been acquainted with

Mr. Lie's work and have enjoyed before his "Land's End". One of the outstanding landscapes was "Sycamores in Storm", a unique composition in lurid greens of trees and house tops illumined by a vivid flash of lightning.

Quite the outstanding and most distinguished exhibit of the season, from the social viewpoint, was the showing of paintings owned by Alvan T. Fuller at the Art Club. From April 16th to the 28th, society flocked in Rolls Royces, in buses, on horseback, and on foot, from all points of the compass to Dartmouth Street, lured by the name Fuller. To the unfortunate art student, the atmosphere was oppressive; used to more or less quiet and plenty of space in which to expand, the constant buzz and crowd reminiscent of subways was annoying; it was really quite impossible to move without treading upon society's feet or bumping into a million dollar wrap. As the writer peeped under a tall dark lady's elbow better to see "Culling Herring" by Millais, the afore-mentioned lady peeped

Sonnet

We will not grant to lips that we have seen
In homely use the magic power of song
Or let the hands write poems that have been
With our own hands the common tasks among
The gods we worship must remain on high
Remote, unseen, and only those who are
Invested critics dare to venture nigh
And bring to us the wonders from afar
Truth does not lure us when unveiled, and power
Seems impotent when it is seen to rest
Beauty seems constant, yet a different flower
Is cherished in her name in every breast
And so while holding in its hands the known
The spirit scorns it and with hope still roams.

RAYMOND AVERILL PORTER.

THE VIGNETTE



HINDU INCENSE BURNER
by Malvina Hoffman



EVENING, NORTHPORT
by John F. Folinsbee, A.N.A.

Courtesy Grand Central Galleries

through her lorgnette and seeing the same thing tinkled brightly to her friend, "Isn't it sweet"? From the English group which, somehow always leaves one cold, we went to the "Portrait of a Man" by Rembrandt. While this was the work of our great Rembrandt, we must admit that we have seen finer examples of his work which pleased us vastly more. After leaving the crowd around paintings by Zuloaga, we turned to Sargent's work. The picture which the writer enjoyed most was first seen through an aigrette. The glimpse proved so intriguing that we waited very patiently for the feathers to move on revealing to us "Two Heads," Sargent's copy of a detail from "The Repast of the Officers of St. Jorisdeelen in Haarlem," by Frans Hals. This was an inspiration, a delight; after looking at all the other things we returned to the beautiful heads, made our way through the crowd and had our period of quiet and thought on Newbury Street

Just as this goes to press we notice the Business Men's exhibition at the Art Club. See it by all means; you will be greatly surprised when you consider that these men paint only for recreation in spare time. Some of the canvases compare quite favorably with the work of professionals exhibited at the Art Club recently. To be sure, they are not masterpieces, they do not pretend to be, but then it is not so often that one sees masterpieces at the Art Club anyway.

HELEN STUART.

"Birth of Venus"

By BOTTICELLI

All the warm winds from the ocean
Come with such a singing motion,
And they blow along the flowers
Born of green earth, sun, and showers.
Venus rising from her fluted
Bed of shell, and standing muted
Waits the Breath of Life, so wistful
That the Gods in all their mistful
Realms of fancy, wait her breathing;
And the earth sighs in its pleasure,
Singing joyful without measure—
For this Beauty in her poignance
Brings the world Love's eternal fragrance.

DORIS THORESEN.

An Interview with Sally Smulke

As graduation draws near, I determined to make a personal investigation of conditions of this school that I might formulate an idea of how seniors feel at their approaching graduation.

Since Sally Smulke is our most popular and beloved senior, it is natural that I should have interviewed her first.

I arranged for the interview amid a scene of great confusion. It seems that Sally had unwittingly posed for a photograph that later appeared in a daily tabloid.

"Oh!" sobbed Sally, while consoled by heartbroken friends, "I did not dream that my picture would appear in the *Advertiser*. I understood the photographer to say *The Transcript*. Imagine! Sweet Sally Sculps Sappho!"

Somehow or other, I obtained an interview for the following day.

* * * *

I was ushered into a room hung with gold gauze appliqued with apple blossoms, Miss Smulke's studio at the very top of M. S. A. She wore a soft green dressing gown that went beautifully with her red hair and green eyes, while on the roaring hearth, a beautiful Persian luxuriously napped. Altogether it was a typical M. S. A. scene of luxury plus beauty.

When I found my breath I shot a question at Miss Smulke.

"How do you feel at your approaching graduation?"

"Yes," was the unexpected reply.

"To what?" I queried, "Do you owe your astounding success as a Senior?"

"Have an apple," said Sally, coyly.

I scribbled hastily on.

"How much time do you think should be spent on work and recreation?" I asked.

"2.75%," simpered Sally.

"That's a lovely gown you're wearing, Miss Smudge, did you make it yourself?"

"Yes, I did. I washed five empty sugar bags and let them stand in the sun for two days. During this time, I picked 390 spears of grass, stewed them for 40 hours on a bunson burner and when the mixture dripped quickly from the end of a spoon, I put in the sugar bags and boiled them for four hours. Next I ran the vacuum sweep-

er over the bags to remove the gas, and dried them quickly with a hot iron. The rest was simple, I ran up the seams on the sewing machine and—here it is!"

"Are you going to vote in the coming election?"

"Yes! I'm just twenty-one tomorrow and I've bought the loveliest voting ensemble ever. It's gray with red and black embroidery—just the darlinest thing!"

"Do you think your art training will influence your voting? That is, do you think—"

"Oh! No! Not a bit. I shall vote for the best man whether he wears green socks with purple stripes or not. However," said Sally, slyly "the best man should wear harmonizing ensembles, for if he dresses harmoniously, he'll run the country that way, too."

"That's what I think, and now to the original question I asked you. How do you feel about your approaching graduation?"

"Feel!" shrieked Sally, "I don't feel! Here! Stick this pin into me and see if I do!"

Hesitatingly, I stuck the pin into Sally who gave one agonized wail and fainted. When she came to from my frantic ministrations I perceived two great jeweled tears sparkling on her lashes.

"So you do feel, after all," I said.

"Yes," wept Sally, and the interview was over.

D. D.

Continued from Page 6

begins. How marvelous is the perfection of the violinists with their dexterous fingers and delicately poised bows; with what unity they play, as one big instrument. What a glorious instrument the harp! Who wouldn't like to play a kettle drum or a flute? Here we have the best definition for rhythm, harmony and balance.

Here in the shortest imaginable time we received the greatest number of different sensations. We were amused by the March of the Gnomes, wildly excited by the Spanish Rhapsody, profoundly moved by the Largo and utterly uplifted by the Tannhauser Overture.

R.

Photographs



Faculty

Class of 1928

Class of 1929

Class of 1930

Class of 1931

Organizations



ROYAL B. FARNUM
10 Prospect Terrace, Newtonville

Mr. Farnum, a graduate of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, a student abroad, and an instructor in the western states, an author, and Principal of our school is indeed our "best friend" among friends. He is ever ready to help us build our toys or our career. We are very fortunate to have a man of such varied talent and kindness at the head of our institution, and we hope we may live up to the aspirations and ambitions that Mr. Farnum arouses in all of us.

THE VIGNETTE



FREDERICK MASON WILDER
20 Willard Street, East Braintree, Mass.
Degrees of B.S. and M.S. Harvard University

DEAN OF OUR SCHOOL

We like Mr. Wilder! We feel that he is everybody's friend, and a safe person to tell the truth to. (He isn't always safe to tell the truth.) Once, when we were freshmen, we were afraid of his energetic hair, and his direct brown eyes. Now we cannot raise a shiver, because we know that he is always just in his judgment, and very pleasant to talk with.



ANNA MAYHEW HATHAWAY
1409 Commonwealth Ave., Allston, Mass.
School of Design of Lowell Institute, Boston, Harvard

INSTRUCTOR IN COLOR HARMONY

From Miss Hathaway, if we will, we gain a sense of the most refined and dignified taste in color and design. Ever conscientious, with a keen understanding of our personal difficulties, she moves about us, criticizing our work with careful precision and constructive thought.



ELLA MUNSTERBERG
36 Claflin Road, Brookline, Mass.
Art Museum School, Radcliffe College

INSTRUCTOR, HISTORY OF ART

How much more vital every significant thing of our world appears when our outlook has been changed by the very seeing of the past civilizations rising and falling in their wave of power. It is Miss Munsterberg who has so changed our outlook. Her lectures are vivid word-paintings. She turns a becoming light on all the artists we study, and we feel we know them. She has shown us the beauty of mystery, and the reality of the unreal.



WILBUR DEAN HAMILTON
Trinity Court, Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass.
Alumnus M. S. A. pupil at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS

A genial, sympathetic friend and instructor with an apparently endless store of Parisian reminiscences wherewith to beguile the rest periods.



ERNEST L. MAJOR
30 Ipswich Street, Fenway Studios, Boston, Mass.

Still studying everywhere

DRAWING AND PAINTING DEPARTMENT

A dynamic personality in a misleadingly tranquil grey smock who ruthlessly recruits reluctant freshmen from the halls and stairways to pose for his composition class. One of our most entertaining and original instructors who, with alternate doses of devastating criticism and healing encouragement, spurs the steps of "mes enfants" on to future fame and glory.



RICHARD ANDREW
Fenway Studio, 30 Ipswich Street, Boston, Mass.

Studied with Laurens and Gerome

INSTRUCTOR OF ANATOMY AND LIFE DRAWING

'Neath glowering brows his gaze at us is direct and keen. His words snap forth with a tang of sarcasm that bites. He tries to cubbyhole us as green young things, but his sincere desire is for our triumph and victory.

THE VIGNETTE



OTIS A. PHILBRICK

10 Hillcrest Parkway, Winchester, Mass.

Graduate M. S. A.

Quiet, and different is the Life teacher, though strangely comforting with his low voiced, keen criticisms. It is needless to say, that we are much in good fortune to have this capable gentleman. To look upon his face one might believe him quite uninterested in humanity, but wait a while and visit one of his classes. There he appears against a background which well brings out the subtleties of a thoughtful artist. Perhaps you'll find a glimpse of a man from the literary world, for he might just naturally pick up some lonely book. Just watch and see his eyes pass quickly o'er its pages and his hands glide carefully over its covers. Then maybe you will see a glimpse of the man who is behind that quiet, calm face. Anyway, look—and you will be glad.



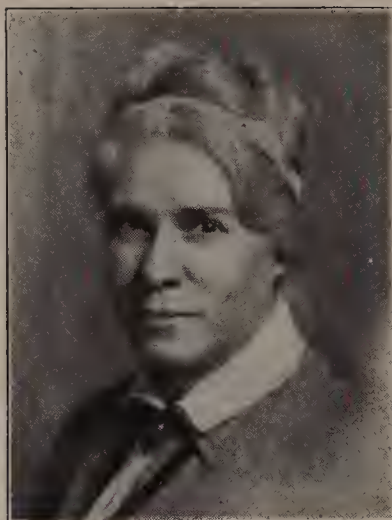
LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS

36 Robinwood Ave., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Graduate M. S. A. Degrees B.S. M.A.
Columbia. University Extension work

INSTRUCTOR IN CRAFTS

Considering the area that crafts covers in art, it seems that one must be a skillful teacher to go over as much ground as does Miss Phillips, in the short time allowed for her subject. She teaches Crafts as a means of expressing beauty in everyday things. Her hobby is toys, and if you don't believe us, go to her studio!



MISS AMY RACHEL WHITTIER

93 Chestnut Street, Boston, Mass.

Graduate M. S. A., Cowle's Art School,
Harvard, and Universities of Boston
and Chicago

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF ART EDUCATION

Always, for each, there are milestones, and milestones are what give us life; for they are vital and real. Now in our school there is one, an especially valuable one. Some of us know her as Miss Amy Rachel Whittier. Just why, is hard to explain, but the term milestone seems more fully to describe her. She is the course from which spring such sterling shafts of light that we, her students unite in a thankfulness which shall last thru' the years, for

"Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey;
We for the years to come may take
Our temper from today."



CYRUS EDWARD DALLIN

69 Oakland Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Pupil of Freeman H. Bartlett—and
studied abroad

ADVISORY HEAD OF DEPT. OF SCULPTURE

A little gray haired man he is, with a twinkle in his eye, and through his gentle manner a subtle gleam, while he sheds his kindness 'round him.



JOSEPH GOSS COWELL

221 Columbus Ave., Boston. Wrentham

Studied at N. Y. Art Students' League,
Boston Museum School, Julian Acad-
emy in Paris, Rome and London

INSTRUCTOR IN DRAWING AND PAINTING

It is with trepidation that the Freshmen enter Mr. Cowell's classes, but the timidity is soon supplanted by cordiality and camaraderie between teacher and student. Mr. Cowell is generous in criticism and his lack of volubility goads one to try harder. Sometimes he classes an embryo masterpiece as a "Wow," and that one word speaks volumes to the disconsolate artist. His exquisite Madonna and Child altar piece recently exhibited in our library provided hours of enjoyment for us all and has proved an inspiration in many ways.



ETHEL G. BARTLETT

Longfellow Court, 1200 Mass. Ave.,
Cambridge, Mass.

INSTRUCTOR IN WATER COLOR

Energy, vitality, and a spirit vibrating with direct and sparkling friendliness, combining to make Miss Bartlett mean what she does to us. We can never forget the feeling of exultation which flooded our hearts when over our shoulder she breathed, "That's a fine bit of work right there, child, keep on, you're getting something worth while."

THE VIGNETTE



LEO O'DONNELL

56 Fellsway East, Malden, Mass.

Illustrator

INSTRUCTOR IN ANTIQUE AND LIFE
DRAWING

Sometimes we are not sure whether his eyes laugh with us or at us; but we always know that when we talk with him his conversation will teem with original and modern ideas. And those of us who have drawn in his c'asses know that his methods of "making the thing" are as sound and strong as the ages.



EFFIE BYRON WHITTET

15 Chilton Road, West Roxbury, Mass.

Studied at Boston University, Simmons,
and M. S. A.

LIBRARIAN AND INSTRUCTOR IN LIBRARY
METHODS

Ah, the lady who reads us the funny stories—if she's not too busy! The one, also, whose sanctum we invade if we have a cut or a bruise or an injured feeling; as when our best friend has for the time being jilted us.



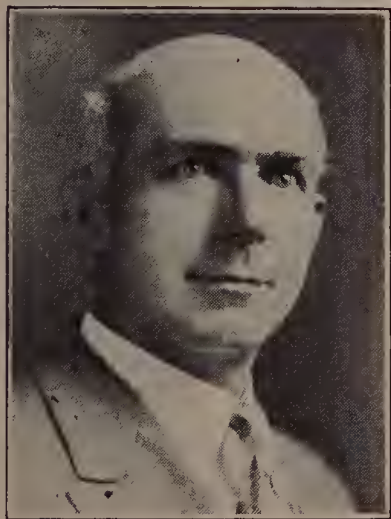
JOHN SHARMION

101 Camden Street, Boston, Mass.

INSTRUCTOR IN PAINTING

Studied with Tarbell, Boston Museum School; studied with Frank Branzwyn. Instructor at R. I. School of Design

"The more I see of it, the more I think it's all drawing. Now this I think goes a bit more this way." Steady and firm, a great man, who can see two viewpoints and remain constant.



DR. JAMES MACE ADDRESS

67 Clyde Street, Newtonville, Mass.

B.P.D. and A.B. Michigan State Normal College; Ph.M. University of Chicago; A.M. Harvard; Ph.D. Clark University; Head of Department of Psychology and Social Hygiene, State Normal School, Worcester, Massachusetts

INSTRUCTOR, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

I'll call the roll now—Miss Borrrrrrk, etc. Instructor in the "bone of contention"—Psychology. Is it or isn't it worth while? We might disagree on the subject but we all agree on the teacher—he very emphatically is!



DR. LILAH MERLE VAUGHAN

400 Crescent Street, Waltham, Mass.

Graduate of Boston University with degrees A.B., A.M., and PH.D. Phi Beta Kappa. Graduate study at Harvard. Civic Welfare work, Women's Municipal League. Adviser of women and Professor of Economics and Sociology at Boston University School of Education.

INSTRUCTOR IN SOCIOLOGY

It is not strange that on Friday afternoons we feel slightly more pleasant than usual; for don't we go to Sociology, and isn't Dr. Vaughan our teacher? Who, knowing her, could help but feel a tiny bit of that cameraderie spirit creeping o'er his heart? Somehow, and sometime, down in this basement study room, we have gained a vision of world around with its dancing figures with clasped hands and smiling faces. In the center of this friendly circle is a blue-eyed, light haired teacher, and from her lips come words like these: "With charity for all and malice toward none."



WALTER W. JAMISON

51 Walker Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Graduate of Yale, A.B. Graduate work at Harvard, A.M. Studied at Columbia, Instructor M. I. T.

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH

He speaks to us sincerely, from his heart, and from his mind, and it is very possible that he teaches us more of Art than any other, since the substance of his talks become for us a guide in the Fine Art of Living. Beside the free gift of his own glorious philosophy, he helps us to a more thorough grasp of the colorful, cultural background which we, as artists of the pen and brush, should know.

THE VIGNETTE



DANIEL O. BREWSTER

172 Branch Street, Boston, Mass.
Graduate M. S. A. Design at Designers
Art School. Stage Craft at Emerson
College

INSTRUCTOR IN DESIGN, STAGE CRAFT,
AND THEATRE DESIGN

Here is a man whose greatest fault is
generosity. Go to his room in the after-
noon, and you will receive perhaps, a
piece of delicious cake, or a section of a
rosy apple. He is the man, too, who takes
us to Chinatown, and allows us to go to
Hell with Harlequin. We all have a
delicious memory of him.



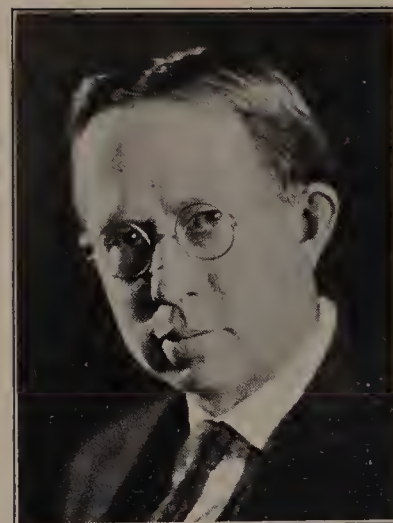
MISS HELEN CLEAVES

Waban, Mass.

Studied with Charles Woodbury and
Denman Ross

INSTRUCTOR, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

She is the kind we always call a good
scout. There is such a lot of humor and
interest in her eyes that this must be
the secret of her success. Humor shows
also in her little catch of a laugh that
we would miss if she were to lose it. We
enjoy her classes. Part of the time we
are marvelling at the perfection of real
teaching and at the clear way she shows
the workings of a child's mind, but most
of the time we are laughing at the humor-
ous turn she gives to everything.



LAURIEN H. MARTIN

14 Park Street, Lowell, Mass.

Student of De Camp, Arthur Garkin and
Alexander Fisher of London

INSTRUCTOR IN METAL CRAFTS

Mr. Martin is our helpful guide thru'
the intricacies of jewelry making, and
metal work. We seem quite lost among
the rows of hammer heads until he comes
along and, with dexterity which to him
alone belongs, picks up the hammer that
we had looked for in vain. The shop is
always kept enthusiastic with Mr. Mar-
tin's "new lines" for he a'ways has one,
if not two. Stencils seem to be the big
"line" this year, and we feel sure that
he will make it a success.



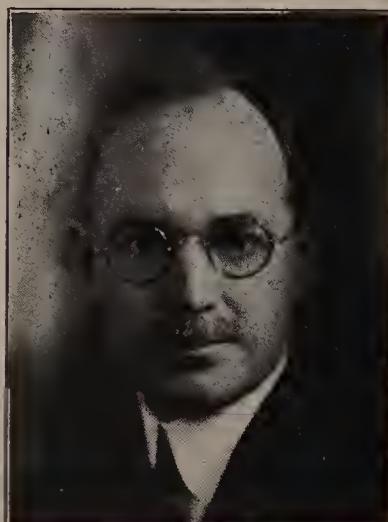
MISS IRMA COFREN

1284 Beacon Street, Brookline, Mass.

Alumnus M. S. A., experience with Hick-
son's, New York, and Connick Studios

INSTRUCTOR IN COSTUME DESIGN

A sparkle of Paris. A hypnotism of the
Orient. A langour of the tropics, yet the
freshness of salt spray along the New
England coast. The sophistication of the
cosmopolitan combined with the naivete
of a child. "Who is Sylvia? What is
she?" If that is what you are wonder-
ing about Miss Cofren you just never
will find out—for she is like the "Laugh-
ing Queen," she will keep you guessing
'til the end of time. So don't try to
fathom her, just thank your "lucky stars"
for the happy privilege of being a victim
of her charm.



EDWIN A. HOADLEY

52 Lewis Road, Belmont, Mass.

Alumnus M. S. A. Student of Dynamic
Symmetry, Lecturer

INSTRUCTOR IN MECHANICAL DRAWING

No one has ever been a part of Mr.
Hoadley's class without receiving and
radiating a bit of his enthusiasm as he
"ties up" our art work with the world
in general. Dynamic symmetry and me-
chanical drawing are a bit dry in them-
selves but from Mr. Hoadley we learn
to wrestle with them joyously. Here's
to Mr. Hoadley, a good friend to us all!



MARY M. RUGG

62 Hamilton Street, Wollaston, Mass.

Alumnus M. S. A. and Cooper's Union,
Pratt Institute and Chicago School
of Design

INSTRUCTOR IN COSTUME DESIGN

What finer thing could be said of an
instructor than, "She is always so cheer-
ful!" That is Mrs. Rugg even after her
weeks of illness and the prospect of trying
to teach some very lazy and rather hope-
less costume illustrators. As costume il-
lustrators are rather apt to be matrimoni-
ally inclined let us hope that each and
every illustrator will acquire the charm of
Mrs. Rugg's quick and ever ready smile,
whether or not they learn to draw those
chic mannequins called fashion figures.

THE VIGNETTE



LAURA A. CARNEY
66 Calvary Street, Waltham, Mass.
RECORDER AND BOOKKEEPER

The answer to "where is it" we find at Miss Carney's desk. She is the willing person who is always ready to come to our rescue. She goes to any pains to help us out of our difficulties, be they financial or otherwise. We have missed her from her usual place in the office of late, but hope that she will return, for we seem a bit at loss as we approach the formality of the office without the reassuring smile of Miss Carney.



ALBERT S. KENDALL
73 Parker Street, Newton Centre, Mass.
A.B. Harvard. Studied at Technology and abroad

INSTRUCTOR IN ARCHITECTURAL DRAWING

From Mr. Kendall we receive our introduction to architecture. How we admire his precision and skill as the "Orders" miraculously appear beneath his pencil. Mr. Kendall helps us to lay, through strength and accuracy of purpose, the great corner stone of that thing we must all eventually build and complete—our own life.



MARTHA M. FLINT
267 High Street, Newburyport, Mass.
Studied in Cincinnati, New York, and Boston. On faculty of the S. D. Taylor School

INSTRUCTOR IN COSTUME DESIGN

Miss Flint always has a thousand new ideas a minute and that is why her courses are so fascinating. Whether it is a costume for a fantastic pageant or a gown for the next dance, you may be sure that Miss Flint can give you at least a dozen more ideas than you ever thought of. And here is a secret, Miss Flint is also an ardent politician, and who wouldn't be—with a family that has lived for three hundred years in the same lovely colonial home at Newburyport.



JOHN E. ALCOTT
55 Florence Avenue, Norwood, Mass.
Graduate M. S. A.
INSTRUCTOR IN DESIGN

"Useful as well as ornamental." That's Jack! He has a great store of practical experience to call upon, which makes him unusually valuable in the Design room. Ask him, "Do we need it?"



ADRIAN J. IORIO
Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

INSTRUCTOR IN DESIGN

Who has the cleverest idea? Why, of course, Mr. Iorio! Not only a competent instructor, either, but an excellent host. Ask the design students whose studio is on Boylston Street.



THERON I. CAIN
South Braintree, Mass.
Alumnus M. S. A.

INSTRUCTOR IN PERSPECTIVE AND FREE HAND DRAWING

Conscientious, helpful, and considerate, is Mr. Cain. His sense of humor lightens our burden of Perspective, and Civic Art. You may not know it, but he is a big help to the Glee Club, too.

THE VIGNETTE



ISABELLE DAMRELL

5 Lee Street, Cambridge, Mass.

SECRETARY TO THE DIRECTOR

A very clever person is Miss Damrell! However, outsinging her ability is the crowning virtue—kindness. Whether our demands are mercenary, or only for information and advice, she still is kind. Mr. Farnum is fortunate in having such a valuable assistant.

LUDWIG FRANK

New School of Design, Newbury Street,
Boston, Mass.

Designer and decorator of glass, china, and silverware at Mt. Washington Glass Works, New Bedford, Trenton Potteries, and Meriden Britannia Co. Studied with Eric Pape and I. T. Tadd, Nicoli Meitser and Donald McDonald. Formerly head designer with Bigelow, Kennard & Co., silversmiths. Textile designer with Puritan Mills of Boston. Instructor in School of Fine Arts, Washington University and Supervisor of Art in high schools, Boston.

"Now be careful not to put in too many delicate sens." A casual listener might surmise that Mr. Frank was referring to nourishment, but he is merrily advising the enthusiastic cretonne designers not to be too finicky. This sense of humor is one of the many things that endear Mr. Frank to us. He knows his subject thoroughly and yet he is more than patient with our sublime ignorance. We are ardently devoted, therefore, to creating "art by the yard."



1928

JACOB ROSENBERG, *President*
ELMER GREENE, *Vice-President*

JOSEPH DEPHOURE, *Treasurer*
MARJORIE READ, *Secretary*

In writing a class history, one always begins with our dear green days, and the era when we were smacked and smocked. The utter joy and dumbness of us then! How happy we were, or were we? It is hard to remember. We gamboled and felt shy and awkward—like spring lambs, for it was the spring time of our art education, then, and as many green sprouts, we sprung up.

Then, Sophomoredom, the second state, descended upon us. With what sophistication we hazed those freshmen, who liked it, and came back for more. We splashed around in water color, dabbled in oils, cried for perspective, and doted over architecture, achieving a new maturity and dignity. We came to know Giotto, Leonardo and period furniture. We were also shown how little we knew when we became too self confident, by Mr. Jamison. More of the shoots withered and died or left us for distant parts.

The blue smock symbolized our emotions, caused by the necessity for specializing, and separating many bosom friends. The Design room became a rendezvous for discussions on Art, Drama, Literature, and places to eat. Arte Nouveau, tho' formerly discussed secretly, and behind closed doors, came to light, unashamed, and was reflected in our work. We went to exhibitions between Anatomy lectures, Aztec pageants, Christmas spreads, and balls. The real achievement of our Junior Year, our Year Book, due to Jessie and her helpers appeared early and was dedicated to Mr. Major.

The Black, suggests our passing into the realm of professionalism—happy yet sad. Our Henry successfully presided over the Student Association. Celestia ran the best Senior Prom ever at the Copley Plaza, formal, and how! Rosie, Elmer, and Lydia paint busily on murals for Bridgewater Normal. Many of us exhibited cleverness at Lowell Normal School, the Chamber of Commerce, Boston, and Brain-tree Woman's Club, and the first live advertising exhibits of our work ever held. What fun it was—others chose to tell the lower classmen what the Drawing and Painting, or the Teacher Training course offered them. Meanwhile, we trot to exhibitions, read the *New Yorker*, and put off finishing our theses another day. The Green, Brown, Blue, and Black days are rapidly forming a design that determines our future, good, bad or what have you?

THE VIGNETTE



THEODORA ALLEN

47 Mt. Vernon Street, Arlington, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

Harper's Bazar—red-purple—handmade jewelry—alluring ladies—El Greco—L'Art Moderne.



MARION ALMA BISSELL

223 Audubon Road, Boston, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

A girl with rosy cheeks, a twinkle in her eye, and a heart in the right place.



ELIZABETH MARIE BOURQUE

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

An extremely decorative person—one of our best draughtsmen—blessed with brains and ingenuity though she poses, purely for her own amusement, as a simple ingenue.

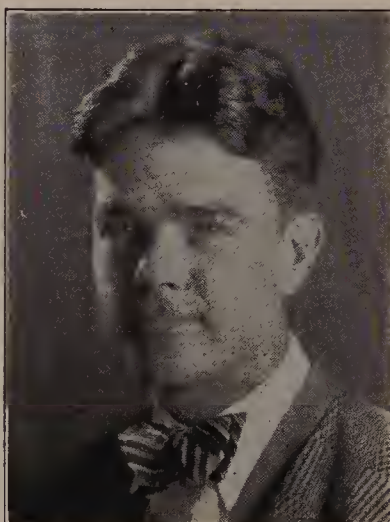


LUCY BAKERIAN

637 Centre Street, Newton, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

A childlike manner masking cool cynicism—oriental eyes—candy—the cryptic.



WILLIAM W. BLACK

24 Holton Street, Allston, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

I was asked to write myself up but I refuse to do so until I consult my lawyer. Bill Black. Wise and witty, a gallant knight who writes poetry and draws chalk portraits.



RUTH P. BROADBENT

100 Hamilton Street, Wollaston, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Our smiling, saucy little Ruthie who dances so well, and always presents a chic appearance in her becoming oranges, lavenders and greens.



MILDRED BENNETT

429 Gustin Avenue, Attleboro, Mass.

New hats—Hearst's International—new hats—N. Y. N. H. & H.—new hats—Theo—new hats.



RUTH ELIZABETH BRANN

37 Avon Street, Somerville, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Tall, serene, distinctive. A grand gall!

THE VIGNETTE



LEONA TERESA BUTKIEWICZ
11 Hillside Street, Worcester, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

C. Z. — dependable — happy — excellent worker—fond of good musical comedies.



BEATRICE CROSSMAN

250 Elliott Street, Milton, Mass.

The underground—Helen Corbett—hill climbing—an affection for red-haired subway ladies.



JOSEPH DEPHOURE

12 Merrick Street, Worcester, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

I'll take your picture—sure—will the Student Association pay for it or do you wanna pay for it? Joe talks sincerely and se'dom, and paints just well enough to win the Hon. Mention.



STELLA COOK

29 Sycamore Street, Roslindale, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN COURSE

We hear that Stella prefers marriage licenses to diplomas.



DOROTHY M. CURRIE

19 Bradle Street, Dorchester, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Quick, keen, and vivacious—well informed—anticipating a tour of Europe and a year of study in Paris.



MELBOURNE PERRY DOUGLAS

243 Lynnfield Street, Lynn, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

What a man!—inflection at the end of each statement—a gentleman inviting your opinion — paints—draws—sings—jumps—does acrobatics and what have you.



HELEN ELIZABETH CORBET

4 Everett Avenue, Greenwood, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Optimism — imagination — organization. With those three qualities Helen should make a very successful teacher.



DOROTHY MARGARET DOW

137 Franklin Street, Natick, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Dot's flame-colored Russian smock is a perfect background for the vividness of her personality, but it does not even suggest the sincerity and charm that are hers.

THE VIGNETTE



CHRISTINE DRISKO

Lubec, Maine

SENIOR SPECIAL

Conscientious—though not to a fault; serious, but with an eye for fun; an experienced teacher and a true friend.



REBECCA FIELD

Greenfield Road, Montague, Mass.

MODELING COURSE

Hostes—nothing really matters—but hosses—soap cats—dignity—charming sense of humor.



LOIS GEBHARD

17 Ellington Road, Wollaston, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Lois works hard for the joy there is in working. In her case virtue is rewarded—with a trip to Europe!



ELSIE VIOLA DRINKWATER

246 Bradstreet Avenue, Revere, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Elsie is a very pretty girl whose personality is best, and quite completely, expressed by the adjective *vivacious*.



CLARA MIRIAM GALE

SENIOR SPECIAL

Graduated from M. N. A. S. in 1909
Supervisor of Drawing in Falmouth, September and October, 1909; Assistant Supervisor of Drawing in New Bedford, October, 1909 to June, 1911; Supervisor of Drawing in Somerville, September, 1911 to February 1, 1925.

One year of study for B.S. at M. S. A. and Master of Education at Boston University, September, 1927 to June, 1928. Head of Art Department, State Normal School, Salem, Mass., September, 1928.

She is a very efficient person. Oh, yes, intelligence tests and a friendly smile.



MARGARET ANNA GERHARDT

2 Crandall Street, Roslinda'e, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Conscientious and sincere, Margaret has earned our respect.



ELIZABETH EWELL

157 Highland Street, Brockton, Mass.

COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Betty, our lovely blonde, is already successful drawing languishing ladies for one of the prominent department stores.



WESTLEY ELMER GREENE

83 Franklin Street, Watertown, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Why certainly—isn't that strange—no, *really*—Pardon?—I had the funniest thing happen to me the other night—and between times he paints murals.

THE VIGNETTE



MARGARET GAELA HAPGOOD

164 Prospect Street, Belmont, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN COURSE

Your "Happy" personality and bizarre clothes make you a very attractive person.



RUTH JOHNSTON

180 Pearl Street, Brockton, Mass.

SENIOR DESIGN

Bright, ready for fun. Yes, that's Ruth, the siren from Brockton.



ALICE JOSEPHINE KINGSLEY

21 Movely Street, Roxbury, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Words can't do it. We think Alice is perfect.



LYDIA HESS

1391 Commonwealth Ave., Allston, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Clever and gay—lovely to look at and to listen to—enamoured of oil painting—the only girl to do one of the large Bridgewater murals.

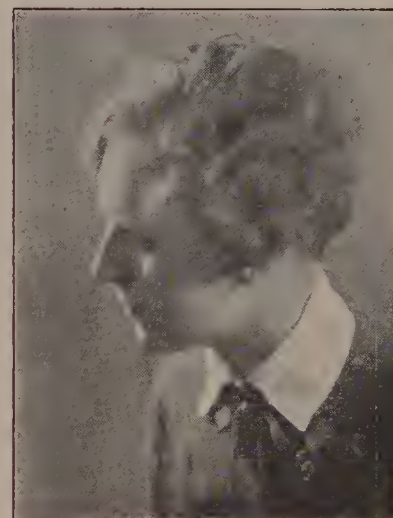


JEANETTE HENDERSON KEITH

20 Harmon Street, Mattapan, Mass.

COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Jeanette wasn't satisfied with the honor of being our first bride; she wins our respect by valiantly completing the long four years.



ELLEN LAKE

24 Farrington Avenue, Allston, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

Speedball Pens—lay-out—Rhapsody in Blue—good spots—beautifully even disposition—professional manner.



MARGARET HILL

11 Glen Street, Malden, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

Thomas Hardy—good music—Pola Negri—clever mimicry—sitting in churches—disposing of the cat in the spring—laughter—warm enthusiasm.



ELIZABETH NORTHEY LARKIN

33 Temple Street, Newburyport, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Betty has the happy combination we read about but rarely discover—intelligence, brains, and pep.

'28

THE VIGNETTE



HENRY RICHARD LINEHAN
Lincoln Street, North Easton, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Hey, Gus, for the luva mike—take Cezanne or Matisse—look at Rubens—maybe you think I'm happy—the class nightingale sings in any key at any time, even on successive notes.



ADELAIDE HELEN McDONALD
26 Walnut Street, Palmer, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

"Add" humor, pathos, boyishness, amiability, and a voice like rich gurgling cream. What do you get? The Inimitable Adelaide!



HAZEL REUTHER NEITZOLD
303 South Street, Northampton, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Versatile and interesting. A rare combination of cleverness and neatness is hers.



ELEANOR FOSTER LUNT
14 Orange Street, Newburyport, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

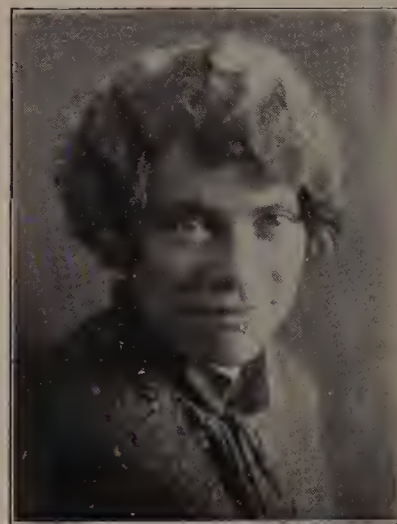
"Bozo"—prim Puritan maidens—humor—charm—Newburyport.



ROSE MOVITZ
27 Calder Street, Dorchester, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

To talk with Rose is always a pleasure, for she has a keen mind, a broad viewpoint, and a sympathetic understanding.



MARY E. NEWHALL
8 Rand Street, Lynn, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Even when languishing in the throes of temperament, Mary manages to retain her sense of humor.



MYRTLE MacCARTHY FLAHERTY
24 Reynolds Avenue, Chelsea, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Another married lady in our midst. Myrtle is acquiring her degree regardless of matrimony.



LUDWINA A. NOWAKA
15 Beale Street, Dorchester, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Winnie Ann—always on the dot—practical, mystical, effective—appealing to the imagination.



ELIZABETH T. NOWLAN
Shays Street, Amherst, Mass.

SPECIAL TEACHER TRAINING

Efficient, helpful, willing. We always know when Libby's around for she has everything up-to-date.



A. RUBY PERLMAN

22 Westminster Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

Japanese prints — The Haven — Love's High Way — baby shoes — naivete — good-fellowship.



MARJORIE MONTGOMERY READ
48 Irving Street, West Somerville, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

A sweet and modest nature, strengthened by poise and determination—a fondness for things that are dainty and delicate—an exquisite solitaire on the proper finger.



DORIS OTTINGER

Meadow Street, North Amherst, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

Slippery stairs — Shebeague — shebang — Roquefort — dill pickles.

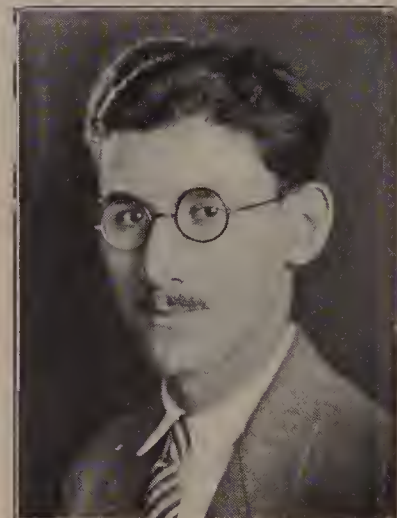


GERTRUDE PERLMAN

31 Clarkwood Street, Mattapan, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Gertrude is vivacious, charming, talented, and kindly considerate of those around her.



JACOB GEORGE ROSENBERG
35 Baird Street, Dorchester, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

There will be a meeting of the — in Mr. —'s room at — Let's have a little discussion. Jack makes speeches with great gusto—and paints Hebrew murals from Hibernian models.



PRISCILLA LERMOND PACKARD
68 Warren Street, Needham, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

She writes cleverly and draws well, she speaks wittily and thinks deeply, she knows the pleasures of the arts and the delights of companionship.



GRACE W. ROUND
Boylston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

A lively imagination and an exuberant sense of humor—an affectionate friendliness—an appreciative love of music and literature as well as the graphic arts.

THE VIGNETTE



GUSTAVE NILS ROUBOUND
60 Warren Avenue, Milton, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Will you twist your head just a little this way, please?—well, I don't know—do do de o, do do deo do—serious, earnest, and still a boy.



MARGUERITE R. SCRANTON
26 Lynmere Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

In spite of the long hours she has spent investigating old cemeteries for data to be used in her thesis on Colonial tombstones, Marguerite retains her genial self-possession.



MARY SEDGWICK
6 Ashton Place, Cambridge

SENIOR SPECIAL

Mary—plus the tiniest bit of artistic imagination—becomes the fairy princess of our childhood tales; but with the added qualities of competency and dependability.



ELEANOR STOCKWELL SMITH
17 Day Avenue, Westfield, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Those who know the exclusive Jimmie find her an intelligent personality, interesting and deep.



LOUISE SOUTHER
21 Goss Ave., Melrose, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

Poise—the modern in art—a sense of satire—calm sophistication.



BARBARA SPOFFORD
42 Williams Street, Malden, Mass.

D. P. COURSE

Stephen Crane—scientific and aesthetic aspects of the cinema—true temperament—beauty ladie—a sense of the fanciful and the fantastic—Percy Bysshe Shelley—brilliant versatility.



DOROTHY GOODRICH THURLOW
Cherry Hill, West Newbury, Mass.

MODELING COURSE

In case you have been deluded into believing that Dot is an aloof person because of her profound thoughts and solemn expression, just take the time to discover her glorious sense of humor.



CELESTIA WHITNEY
15 Fifield Street, Watertown, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

What an egg can you imagine that? Our thoroughbred Celie—swiftly changing—one knows her, has her, and she is gone—clean, straight, and strong.

THE VIGNETTE



ARTHUR WILDE

240 Pleasant Street, Brockton, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

The New Yorker—two o'clock lunch—the higher cynicism—sophisticated design—guide, philosopher, and friend of the designers.



RUTH WOODMAN

19 Brooklawn Street, Lynn, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

Pastel colors—flowers—stateliness—the sententious and the sardonic—femininity.



RUTH WOODWARD

164 Fair Oaks Park, Needham, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN COURSE

Don't lose your sweet way, Rufus. It is individual nowadays.



CHRISTINE GRANT YOUNG

39 Jason Street, Arlington, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Chris, small, blond and light-hearted, is a delight because she adapts herself so readily to any atmosphere and is such an all round good sport.

HUGH HENRY SMITH

Concord Street, Billerica, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Hugh employs the two chair drawing method—one for his feet and one for what's left over. He has to be seen for he's never heard, except on the subject of etching.

HELEN LOUISE STUART

8 West Street, Milton, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING COURSE

Art critic of the *Vignette*. Friend extraordinary. Possessor of a beautiful voice. "And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

JESSIE MacDONALD

11 Albert Street, Lowell, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

Candles—commuting—orchid and green—the Byams—the Dodds—Kipling—castles—ready laughter and ready sympathy.

RONALD MURRAY

67 Eleanor Street, Chelsea, Mass.

DESIGN COURSE

Corduroy vests—Voltaire—continental design—Casa El Donron—That Man Heine.

RHODA WINSLOW HATHAWAY

37 Ivy Street, Boston, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN COURSE

Serious-minded Rhoda designs lovely costumes and amuses us with her cynical views on life.



MADELEEN BEATRICE DORA

348 Pine Street, Gardner, Mass.

SENIOR SPECIAL TEACHER TRAINING

Bunny is always a pleasant person to have around.

HELEN PRUDENCE WICKHAM

32 Winnepurkit Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

COSTUME ILLUSTRATION COURSE

Helen is a temperamental lady who not only draws charming women but sings nicely, too.

ERROL GOFF

83 Dartmouth Street, Everett, Mass.

Good music—wood cuts—the radio—jokes—closing the window for the artistes of the back row.

ZELLA BUCKINGHAM

36 East Newton Street, Boston, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING COURSE

Mercurial but constant—serious but easily amused—reserved but lovable—a painter who models as well as the sculptors—a paradox and a paragon.

THE VIGNETTE



JUNIOR BLUES

ANDREW FLAGG, *President*
LUCY DOANE, *Secretary*

ARTHUR WOLFRUM, *Vice-President*
LEO COLE, *Treasurer*

We beg of you not to be misled by the title, for we are not at all blue in the accepted sense of the word—quite the contrary! In fact, we shall always treasure that special stripe of the rainbow which clothed us in our Junior year, when, suspended between the two years of probation just gone by and the crowning episode of our school career, we reached a temporary Olympia—a sort of lofty vantage point from which we could survey our obscure past and speculate upon the future. Until this time we have been much engrossed in the present. The days of our verdant youth were squandered imitating sundry points of the Japanese; and our sophomore memories are saturated with the odor of furniture. But now, protected by an aura of royal blue, the clan is almost entirely unmolested by minor distractions. Lectures have a pleasantly soothing effect upon most of us, excepting Mr. Andrew's concentrated catalogues of the bones and ligaments. One does not slumber in that atmosphere, even tho' his seat be far removed from the coveted first row.

In this, our third year of grace, we have gone our separate ways, as others have done before us, each following the will-o'-the-wisp that beckons from the painting studio, the modeling room, or the design shop.

The social high-lights in our history—pageants, proms, and similar revelry—were staged with our customary speed and attention to artistic detail.

Our cobalt mantles are about to dissolve into shreds thru' incessant use, but we ourselves remain much the same. We hope that our instructors are as fortunate. However, we have tried to harvest all the helpful criticisms and influences that came our way, that we might profit from them sooner or later. Our collection increases from year to year and keeps us in a continual state of evolution.

"I am a part of all that I have met,
Yet all existence is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move."

—Tennyson.

M. R.

THE VIGNETTE



ESTHER BEROW

24 Floyd Street, Dorchester, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

"Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat. Therefore let's be merry."



MABEL C. BREEN

35 Packard Avenue, Somerville, Mass.

*"May zephyrs accompany her cares;
Fairies preside over her pleasures."*



JOYCE S. CARRINGTON

28 Myrtle Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

DESIGN

"Words sweetly placed and modestly directed."



HELEN WISE

44 St. Paul Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN

"Oh, this learning, what a thing it is."



MYERS W. BROTMAN

195 Chelsea Street, Everett, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING

*"One of the few; the immortal names,
that were not born to die."*



JENNIE CHAFETZ

298 Grace Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

DESIGN

*"The Gods approve the depth and not the
tumult of the soul."*



HELENA M. BOWLER

55 King Street, Westfield, Mass.

DESIGN

*"Our deeds determine us as much as we
determine our deeds."*



RACHEL E. CLAPP

Turners Falls P. O., Gill, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING

*"Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of
ornament,
But is when unadorned, adorned the most."*

'29

THE VIGNETTE



LEO H. COLE
20 School Street, Whitman, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
"Towering in confidence of twenty-one."



JULIA B. COREY
30 Bates Street, Westfield, Mass.
MODELING
*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*



MARGARET M. DAVIDSON
40 Orchard Street, Amesbury, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
*"For her heart was in her work, which
gave grace to every art."*



MARTHA E. COOK
72 Elm Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN
"Nothing endures but personal qualities."



ARTHUR CORSINI
239 Lincoln Street, Worcester, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
*"Nature n'er meant her secrets to be found,
And man's a riddle which man can't ex-
pound."*



BETTY B. DAVIS
14 Flaxon Street, East Boston, Mass.
DESIGN
*"Here's to the clever; may they be with
us ever!"*



REBECCA COOK
54 Bank Street, Attleboro, Mass.
JUNIOR SPECIAL
"A lovely lady, garmented with white."



HELENE DAUPHINEE
103 Hart Street, Beverly Farms, Mass.
MODELING
*"Whate'er she did was done with so much
ease
In her alone 'twas natural to please."*

THE VIGNETTE



LUCY H. DOANE
87 Pond Street, Nahant, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
"They laugh that win."



ANDREW FLAGG
207 N. Washington Street Attleboro Mass.
TEACHING TRAINING
*"Celebrity is the chastisement of merit,
and the punishment of talent."*



ALTHEA FOSS
291 Farrington Street, Wollaston, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
*"Serenity of manners is the zenith of
beauty."*



WILLIAM J. DUNCAN
12 Charnock Street, Beverly, Mass.
DESIGN
*"He knows what's what, and that's as
high as metaphysic wit can fly."*



MARGARET F. FLEXNER
101 Winthrop Road, Brookline, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
"Such joy ambition finds."



FERNELLA F. FOX
R. F. D. 2, Lowell, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
*"Good sense, which only is the gift of
Heaven,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the
seven."*



EDA B. EARLE
34 Weston Street, Brockton, Mass.
MODELING
*"But oftentimes celestial benedictions
assume this dark disguise."*



OLIVE G. FRENCH
266 Vermont Street, West Roxbury, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN
"Vivacity is the gift of woman."

'29

THE VIGNETTE



HILDA L. FROST

121 Appleton Street, Arlington, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

*"Here's to Poets: the star of a nation's
flag and character, without whom, no
matter how rich, nations are poor."*



LORA A. GIFFORD

198 Forest Avenue, Brockton, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

*"It is beauty that begins to please, and
tenderness that completes the charm."*



MARY G. GILLIS

Margin Street, Cohasset, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful coun-
tenance."*



THELMA H. FUNDIN

91 Blake Street, Mattapan, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

*"True merit like a river, the deeper it is
the less noise it makes."*



KATHERINE C. GILLETTE

South Hanson, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

*"A gay serene spirit is the source of all
that is noble and good."*



EDITH L. GOLDING

12 Preston Road, West Roxbury, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING

*"Her very words are a phantastical ban-
quet, just so many strange dishes."*



RUTH GAGAN

17 Bellevue Avenue, Revere, Mass.

DESIGN

*"How wise one must be to always be
kind."*



MELBA WOODFIN

10 Highland Terrace, Marblehead, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING

DESIGN

"And mistress of herself tho' China fall."

THE VIGNETTE



MARION H. GREENE
47 Auburn Street, Waltham, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN
*"All human things of dearest value hang
on slender strings."*



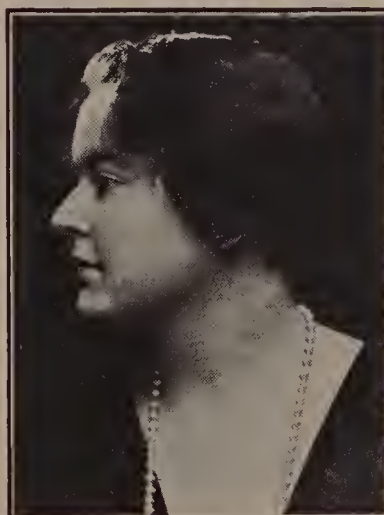
HAZEL MASON HATCH
16 Mountfort Street, Boston, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."



GOLDIE F. HELLER
2 Saltonstall Parkway, Salem, Mass.
DESIGN
"Power rests in tranquility."



MARGARET HALL
16 Beaufort Road, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
THEATRE DESIGN
"Expression is the mystery of beauty."



MARY HAWES
7 Doane Street, Fairhaven
DESIGN
*"My tastes are aristocratic;
My actions democratic."*



DORIS W. HINKLEY
184 White Street, Waverley, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
*"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!"*



FLOYD A. HARDY
Coolidge Corner, Brookline, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
*"They say best men are moulded out of
faults, and for the most part, become
much more the better for being a little
bad."*



MARGUERITE HOENEMANN
10 E. Hastings Street, W. Roxbury, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
"Her worth is warrant for her welcome."

'29

THE VIGNETTE



ALICE E. JOSEPH

18 Bailey Street, Dorchester, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

*"The fund of sensible discourse is limited;
that of jest and badinage is infinite."*



LINCOLN S. LEVINSON

237 Park Avenue, Worcester, Mass.

DRAWING AND PAINTING

"A man of knowledge increaseth strength."



HELEN M. LINDBERG

321 Crescent Street, Waltham, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift."



RUTH H. KEMP

71 Beaumont Street, Dorchester, Mass.

DESIGN

*"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and
wisdom with mirth."*



MARJORIE S. LIKINS

38 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN

*"A little, tiny, pretty, witty, charming,
darling, she."*



HELEN M. LOWCOCK

47 Draper Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN

*"I have a heart with room for every
pleasure."*



CONSTANCE LAMONT

135 Fuller Street, Brookline, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

*"There is certainly no beauty on earth
which exceeds the natural loveliness of
woman."*



EDGAR A. MARBLE

30 Walnut Street, Somerville, Mass.

DESIGN

"A noticeable man with large grey eyes."

'29

THE VIGNETTE



AGNES K. McCORMICK
76 Clifford Street, Melrose, Mass.
*"Shall show us how divine a thing a
woman may be made."*



HELEN C. MILES
10 Lynd Street, Salem, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
*"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive,
and a hand to execute."*



DOROTHY C. MUNSTER
1199 Main Street, Waltham, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN
*"Light heart and light heels, merry times
and a good piper."*



FLORA E. MATHESON
282 Washington Street, Gloucester, Mass.
DESIGN
*"Bright Eyes, Light Eyes! Daughter of a
Fay!"*



ALLISON M. MOULTON
Monson, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
"There is a profound charm in mystery."



ETHELYN J. NOLAN
440 Pleasant Street, Waltham, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
*"The music in my heart I bore, long after
'twas heard no more."*



EDWARD R. MENGES
117 Bellevue Road, Lynn, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
*"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
and confident tomorrows."*



DOROTHY D. NUTTER
145 Mt. Vernon Street, Winchester, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
*"Sweet in her course of looks and smiles;
for smiles from reason flow."*

'29

THE VIGNETTE



CLARA S. OLSEN
23 Grove Street, Concord Junction, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."



MARGARET C. ROSS
12 Dustin Street, Brighton, Mass.
THEATRE DESIGN
"Like—but oh! how different!"



LOUISE W. SANGER
21 Holbrook Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."



JANICE PETERSEN
8 Stephen Street, Stoneham, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN
"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."



ANNA M. SALICE
78 Loring Avenue, Winchester, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."



MARY SCHRODE
42 Henderson Street, Arlington, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
"And but herself, admits no parallel."



MARJORIE ROOT
Deerfield, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
"Silence that wins where eloquence is vain."



RALPH I. SHEPHERD
20 Glenwood Street, Lynn, Mass.
*"A flattering painter who makes it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not
as they are."*

THE VIGNETTE



ALFRED J. SPITTALL
70 Moffat Road, Waban, Mass.
SPECIAL
"Still waters run deep."



DOROTHY I. SMITH
3 Alden Street, Waltham, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN
*"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will
mark our coming, and look brighter
when we come."*



VIRGINIA S. SQUIRES
20 Mansfield Street, Lynn, Mass.
DESIGN
*"If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty
is its own excuse for being."*



MINNIE SIMON
Franklin Gardens, Roxbury, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN
"I am sure care's an enemy to life."



MARJORIE D. SODERLAND
69 Gainsboro Street, Boston, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
*"Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle
soft desire."*



VIRGINIA STARBIRD
9 Monadnock Street, Boston, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
*"To those who know thee not, no words
can paint,
And those who know thee know all words
are faint."*



ESTELLE MAE SIMON
80 Somerset Avenue, Winthrop
COSTUME DESIGN
*"There is a vast deal of vital air in loving
words."*



HELEN L. TAYLOR
163 Plain Street, Lowell, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING
*"By sowing frugality we reap liberty, a
golden harvest."*

THE VIGNETTE



CHARLES A. THOMAS
31 Tremont Street, Lynn, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING

*"Fail, fail! In the lexicon of youth which
fate reserves for a bright manhood,
there is no such word as fail."*



SHUNICHIRO TOMITA
4 Greenough Park, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
JUNIOR SPECIAL

*"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."*



DORIS BURNHAM WHITTAKER
152 State Street, Newburyport, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

*"Plunge boldly into the thick of life, and
seize it where you will; it is interest-
ing."*



EMMA M. THOMAS
26 Fuller Street, Waltham, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN

"As merry as the day is long."



ELLEN GREEN WEED
Baldwin Road, Marblehead, Mass.
TEACHER TRAINING

*"In the world, a man lives in his own
age; in solitude, in all the ages."*



HILDA MAY WHYTE
15 Nahant Street, Lynn, Mass.
COSTUME DESIGN

*"Her air, her manners all who saw ad-
mired. Courteous tho' coy, and gentle
tho' retired."*



STEPHEN P. THORNTON
10 Rockmere Terrace, Lynn, Mass.
DESIGN

*"An abridgement of all that is pleasant
in man."*



ELEANOR WILDER
26 Willard Street, East Braintree
MODELING

*"'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear.
Heaven were not Heaven if we knew
what it were."*

'29

THE VIGNETTE



PAUL V. WINTERS

9 Albermarle Street, Arlington, Mass.

MODELING

*"Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
and soundest casuists doubt, like you
and me?"*

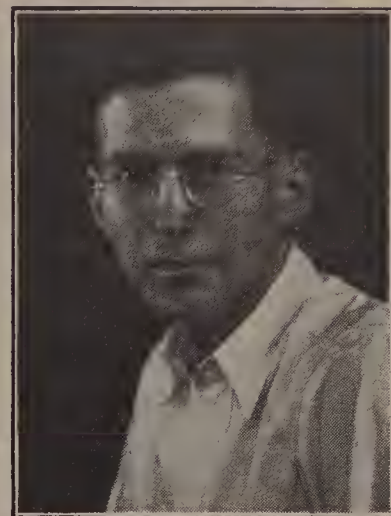


MAX GORODNITSKY

16 Pleasant Street, Lynn, Mass.

DESIGN

*"On their own merits, modest men are
dumb."*



ARTHUR G. WOLFRUM

97 Braglon Street, Roxbury, Mass.

*"And panting Time toiled after him in
vain."*

MARY C. MERRY

5 Newcastle Road, Brighton, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

"To be gentle is the test of a lady."

HELEN BINGHAM

38 De Wolfe Street, Cambridge, Mass.

JUNIOR SPECIAL

*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful coun-
tenance."*

HOWARD M. SHOOSHAN
234 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
*"He scatters enjoyment who can enjoy
much."*

ALICE N. BURTON

131 Riverview Street, Brockton, Mass.

TEACHER TRAINING

*"With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
in frosty moonlight glistening."
all its flavor."*

N. OLGA SEARS
1679 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.
DRAWING AND PAINTING
*"Who pepper'd the highest was surest to
please."*

MARGUERITE MOSCHARD

95 High Street, Waltham, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN

*"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
her infinite variety."*

EMMA CARTWRIGHT BOURNE
22 Lakeview Street, Arlington, Mass.
SPECIAL—DRAWING AND PAINTING
*"And yet a spirit, still and bright, with
something of angelic light."*

ETHEL HENRY
112 Broad Street, Lynn, Mass.

DESIGN

"Variety's the spice of life, that gives it

L. IRENE NUTE
East Bridgewater, Mass.

DESIGN

*"None know thee but to love thee
None name thee but to praise."*

PHYLLIS A. CAREY
244 Boston Street, Lynn, Mass.

DESIGN

"Oh Happiness—our being's end and aim."

THE VIGNETTE



"DEAR OLD '30"
Act II of an indefinite drama

EVERETT DURGIN, *President*
K. VON NOSTITZ, *Vice-President*

FAITH HALE, *Secretary*
DOROTHY CHAMBERS, *Treasurer*

From the miscellaneous jumble of facts, fancies, and foibles that passes with the writer as a memory, there comes a statement which seems pertinent to the task at hand; that History is a collection of misstatements that have been generally agreed upon. In the first place "dear old '30" is a remarkable class. Our average of talent is so high that any individual preciosity is lost in the glare of general brilliance. Consequently, we have no class genius. This in itself is remarkable, and establishes our superiority beyond question. Theoretically, the class is divided into three camps known familiarly as the fine arters, teacher trainers, and designers. Technically, however, there are but two species; those who use fish glue with Miss Phillips, and those who use fish glue with Mr. Porter. To prove its extraordinary versatility, the class made its debut in the field of amateur dramatics by presenting three one-act plays a unique event in the annals of the school year, and one of the outstanding achievements of the class as a unit. Now, having reached the climax of this alleged history, we beg leave to step upon the stage, and make our bow as the curtain falls on the sophomore year in the life of "dear old '30."

K. H. B.

THE VIGNETTE



SOPHOMORE ENROLLMENT

AMENDOLA, ROBERT	N. Hamp. Ave., Wellesley Oaks	LYNCH, GERTRUDE	60 Ridgewood St., Roxbury
ANDERSON, GLADYS	128 Sheridan Ave., Medford	MCALLUM, PEARL	34 Eliot St., Beverly
AYER, RALPH	14 Cleveland Ave., Woburn	MACDONALD, EDNA	129 Norwell St., Dorchester
BABBITT, ELVIRA	2 Fay Court, Somerville	MACNEIL, MARGUERITE	63 Riverview Ave., Waltham
BACHMANN, ESTHER	7 Berkeley St., Lawrence	MACWHINNIE, ARDELLE	101 Greenwood Ave., Greenwood
BARTON, KENNETH	10 Linder Ter., Newton	MINTZ, ELSIE	12 Bobson St., Gloucester
BATES, ELIZABETH	89 Spring St., Stoneham	MUNROE, DORIS	14 Windermere Pk., Arlington
BEATTIE, HARRIET	17 Osgood St., Lowell	MURPHY, ANNIE	17 Canada St., Lowell
BICKFORD, ALICE	82 Monument St., W. Medford	MYERS, CHARLES	112 Bridge St., Beverly
BICKFORD, MARION	82 Monument St., W. Medford	NICHOLS, C. LUCILE	88 Pond St., Natick
BIGELOW, BARBARA	200 Washington St., Wellesley Hills	O'HEARN, CYRIL	11 Woodbridge St., Cambridge
BIGELOW, ELIZABETH	83 Pleasant St., Marlboro	PAINE, THELMA	13 Whiting St., Plymouth
BLATTNER, ROBERT H.	442 Summer St., Lynn	PAIPERT, EDITH	65 McLellan St., Dorchester
BURBANK, MONROE	102 Pwd. Hs. Blvd., W. Somerville	PALMETEER, MARY	35 Hancock St., Auburndale
CAROLL, ELISE	9 Rozella St., Dorchester	PARKINSON, FLORENCE	112a Salem St., Lawrence
CATE, HELEN	19 Evans Road, Marblehead	PHINNEY, ELIZABETH	37 Huntington Ave., Roslindale
CHAMBERS, DOROTHY	Tewksbury	PLUMMER, DONALD	21 School St., Milton
CHAPMAN, CLARA	21 Burgette Ave., Medford	RANSDEN, HELEN	276 Main St., Bridgewater
CLARKE, PATIENCE	14 Sacramento St., Cambridge	RAYMOND, ELIZABETH	76 Highland Ave., Somerville
COOPER, FRANCES J.	8 Walnut St., Wakefield	READ, ESTHER	55 Dixwell Ave., Quincy
CUSHMAN, BRADLEY	16 Parker Ave., Lynn	REYNOLDS, GORDON	121 Woodlawn St., Lynn
CROMWELL, IRVING	153 Lowell St., Somerville	RICHMOND, PHYLLIS	34 Bedford St., E. Bridgewater
DURGIN, EVERETT	7 Gayves Ave., E. Lynn	RITCHIE, GLADYS	3 Pevear Place, Roxbury
FERRITER, PATRICIA	75 Bradford Rd., Watertown	ROBINSON, JANICE	885 Mass. Ave., Cambridge
GIBBONS, ELIZABETH	1094 River St., Hyde Park	ROWELL, DORIS	Chicopee Row, Groton
GIFFORD, RUTH	389 Crescent St., Waltham	SEARS, BARBARA	160 Pleasant St., Arlington
GRUNDEMAN, WALEA	Eliot St., Framingham	SHARPLES, DOROTHY	20 Churchill St., Milton
HALE, FAITH	1891 Beacon St., Brookline	SHEA, CONSTANCE	236 Walnut St., Holyoke
HALE, NATALINE	224 Aspinwall Ave., Brookline	SPRINGER, HENRIETTA	37 Putnam Rd., Somerville
HAMLIN, HARRIET	148 Stratford St., W. Roxbury	STARKIE, MYRTLE	298 Lamartine St., Jamaica Plain
HACHBERG, HENRY	24 Elmore St., Roxbury	STODDARD, RUBY	42 Salem St., Wakefield
HODGEN, ALBERTA	Liberty St., South Acton	SUHR, LOUISE	46 Southgate Pk., W. Newton
HUNTER, DOROTHY	South Sudbury	SULLIVAN, CATHERINE	979 Dwight St., Holyoke
JAMES, EDNA	10 Plymouth Rd., Malden	TERRY, NATALIE	Warren
JACOB, LAWRENCE	725 Lynnfield St., Lynn	THORBURN, MABEL	10 Harrison St., Melrose Hlds.
JENKINSON, RUTH	10 Oakwood Ave., Lawrence	THORESEN, DORIS	32 Sumner St., N. Attleboro
JOHNSON, DOROTHEA	81 Crescent Ave., Newton Ctr.	TOWLE, HELEN	74 Bailey St., Dorchester
KELLEY, PAULINE	High St., Newburyport	TYLER, FRANCES	39 Gray Cliff Rd., Newton Ctr.
KING, SARAH M.	30 Crescent St., Wakefield	VESELAK, ROSE	106 Meadow St., Westfield
KLEIN, ELIZABETH	18 Eastbourne St., Roslindale	VON NOSTITZ, KATHARINE	25 Spruce St., Braintree
KOTARSKI, FLORENCE	80 Washington Sq., Salem	WACHA, ODETTE	4 Zamora St., Jamaica Plain
LAIRD, JANE	22 Rockview St., Jamaica Plain	WESCOTT, ANNIE	128 Sagamore Ave., Chelsea
LAWSON, OLIVE	37 Lafayette St., Springfield	WIHRY, HELEN	155 Grove St., Haverhill
LEVENSON, SOLOMON	40 High St., Danvers	WOODINGTON, MARGERY	60 Circuit St., Worcester
LONGMOTTE, GILDA	48 Main St., North Plymouth	YOCOBOWSKI, STEPHEN	205 Washington St., Cambridge
LORING, JEANETTE	Billerica		

THE VIGNETTE



1931

ROGER WALCOTT, *President*

OLIVE JONES, *Vice-President*

VICTORIA ROSATTO, *Secretary*

FRED CLARKE, *Treasurer*

The conductor awoke, glanced furtively about the car, and muttered unintelligibly, "KOBLEY? COPLEE!" Several forms emerged from the yellow monster; and it again resumed its monotonous drone and rumbled on into depths, leaving alone a disconsolate youth of medium height, ordinary features, and attired in the conventional manner.

He walked slowly out and climbed the stairs. As he rose his spirits sank—a queer empty feeling developed in the pit of his stomach—a stranded fish experiences the same sensation. "Copley, Copley," he murmured as he walked slowly up Boylston Street. "Exeter next." Gosh! Why were all these people looking at him? Must a' said that out loud. He hastened his steps. No. That wasn't it, for he could still feel their eyes boring into his back. Was it halitosis? No. Nothing so easily remedied. He was a victim of thoughtless Fate. A freshman—from SAUGUS.

The school doors yawned invitingly—and he bolted through them—into chaos. Registration fees, programs, locker keys, more fees. Instinct filled the breach when sanity failed. What was local color? What caused a shadow edge? When? Why? What causes that? Chaos—turmoil—bedlam.

Then came the dawn. Remote traces of intelligence began to show in our work. The freshmen were sprouting wings. The result is that, now, after listening intently to Mr. Porter's deliberate, rumbling tones we fully realize that a head has certain planes, and that the grotesque does not necessarily have to be vulgar. We have learned the primary principles of oil painting under the fatherly and benevolent guidance of Mr. Cowell. With Mr. Cain we have lost outlines and found a virtue—promptress.

These and many other facts we have noted. We have had our faculty entertainments and our dances, but the outstanding events of the year were the library assignment, bestowed profusely upon us by Mr. Jamison. Do we freshmen know our Copley Square Library? (See resume of freshman examination at bottom of page twenty-six—Spring issue of "The Vignette.")

Nevertheless there has been a slight improvement in our work. We have imbibed the atmosphere of the school, and we shall endeavor to accelerate our pace in the forthcoming year.

P. Q.

THE VIGNETTE



FRESHMAN ENROLLMENT

ALLEN, GRACE WESTON 219 Lake Ave., Newton Hlds.
 ARDREY, LILLIAN BLANCHE 52 Shawmut Ave., Mansfield
 AREBIE, ROBERT ANTHONY 225 East St., Dedham
 ASHTON, EVELYN ORCUTT 11 Warren St., Salem
 AUGHTIE, PHYLLIS 95 Mt. Vernon Ave., Melrose
 BADGER, FRANCES LOUISE 7 Intervale Rd., Nahant
 BARRY, JULIA FREDERICA 49 Washington Sq., Salem
 BEARDSLEY, RUTH ELIZABETH 201 Bellevue St., W. Roxbury
 BERRY, CARRIE GRACE 10 Oaklund St., Natick
 BERRY, KENNETH WORSON 160 Belmont Ave., Springfield
 BIRCH, MADELEINE PHYLLIS 14 Maple Ave., Somerville
 BISSELL, MARJORIE STUART 230 Pleasant St., Winthrop
 BROWN, ALVIN SANBORN 32 High St., Rockport
 BURBECK, LUCIA 280 North Ave., N. Abington
 BURDETT, RUTH HARTWELL 13 Claremont St., E. Braintree
 CAMPBELL, MARY CHRISTINE 16 Greylock Ave., Taunton
 CASEY, HELEN CHRISTINE 10 Vassar St., Worcester
 CLARK, FRED. A. 303 Pwd. Hs. Blvd., Somerville
 COOPER, RUTH MILDRED 663 Southbridge St., Worcester
 CURTIS, HOWARD ALLEN 180 Washington St., Gloucester
 DESHON, ELEANOR RUTH 1905 Centre St., W. Roxbury
 DUNLAP, VIRGINIA 92 Dennison Ave., Framingham
 ELLIOTT, LILLIAN ELIZABETH 40 Spencer Ave., Somerville
 FELSCH, ELLA LYDIA 133 Bradlee St., Hyde Park
 FINNEY, LORRAINE ALICE 242 Beaver St., N. Adams
 FOWLE, R. SAWYER 506 La Grange St., W. Roxbury
 FRENCH, VIRGINIA FLORENCE 94 Porter St., Melrose
 BRADY, CATHERINE ALMA 89 Governors Ave., Medford
 GULSHEK, MILDRED 1282 Columbia Rd., S. Boston
 HAGAN, ESTHER 29 Hartford St., Dorchester
 HARLOW, ORA MAE 54 Commercial St., Worcester
 HARPER, JEAN IRENE 9 Cushing St., Wollaston
 HENDRICKEN, JOHN LEO 102 Myrtle St., Brockton
 HENNESSEY, RUTH GENEVIEVE 93 Cross St., Norwood
 HOPKINSON, HILDA MAY 135 Woodland St., Lawrence
 HUNT, VIRGINIA BEATRICE 55 Lake St., Arlington
 JONES, ELEANOR MARION 51 Torrey St., S. Weymouth
 JONES, OLIVE MARY 263 Randolph St., N. Abington
 KENNAN, RHODA ALTHEA Nobscot (P. O.), Framingham
 KINGSLEY, HAZEL CELINA 21 Morley St., Roxbury
 KRENTZMAN, LILLIAN 134 Orange St., Chelsea
 LANDRY, VIOLA MAE 20 Waban Rd., Merrymount, Quincy
 LANE, LURENA PACKARD 28 Brook St., Brookline
 LEEK, ETTA 14 Cushing Hill Rd., Dorchester
 LITTLE, FRANCES 45 Pinckney St., Boston
 LEIB, ANNA 325 Main St., Medford
 LENT, ERNEST HARLOW 43 Dundee St., Boston
 LUMBERT, ANNA FRANCES West Falmouth

MACFARLAND, BEATRICE ANNA 756 South St., Bridgewater
 MACK, RAYMOND 33 Elm Ave., Fairhaven
 MAHONEY, HELEN FRANCES 4 Wakullah St., Roxbury
 MAHONEY, JOSEPHINE N. 71 Bellevue St., Dorchester
 MALONEY, ANNA MAE 789 Boylston St., Brookline
 MACKENZIE, MILDRED LOUISE 143 Dudley St., Roxbury
 McNAMARA, MARGARET CRIPPS 39 Warren St., Melrose Hds.
 McMILLIN, ELIZABETH LAWRENCE
 The Students' House, 96 Fenway, Boston
 MINUCCI, SYLVIA MARIE 125 Salem St., Boston
 NAZAR, SATENIG 330 Arlington St., Watertown
 NONEY, DORIS EDWINA 10 Orchard Ter., Arlington
 OBER, SYLVIA 130 Shurtleff St., Chelsea
 PAGE, MURIEL MAY 136 Coleridge St., E. Boston
 PECK, CAROLINE LOUISE 299 Cabot St., Beverly
 PERKINS, MARY ELLEN 121 Union St., Franklin
 PHELPS, JOHN EDWARD Y.M.C.A. Huntington Ave., Boston
 POVEY, IDA GENEVIEVE 27 Hillsdale Rd., Medford
 REDMOND, FRANCES AUGUSTA 66 Glenville Ave., Allston
 ROBLIN, MARY ETHELWYN 13 Regent Circle, Brookline
 ROSATTO, VICTORIA 63 Bradstreet Ave., Lowell
 ROSE, DAVID 202 Chestnut St., Chelsea
 RUSSELL, RUTH ELIZABETH Arlington St., Lynnfield Ctr.
 SAILA, IRMA VIOLET 26 Nutting St., Fitchburg
 SARGENT, BESSIE MIRIAM 65 Hollis St., S. Weymouth
 SCOTT, GRACE EDITH 1353 Beacon St., Brookline
 SHERBURNE, ELIZABETH HAZEN 37 Congress St., Milford
 SILLMAN, FRANCES BEATRICE 59 Emory St., Attleboro
 SILVERMAN, ALLAN LEO 36 Draper St., Dorchester
 SMITH, FLORENCE 97 Chelsea St., E. Boston
 STARBIRD, PEARL 9 Monadnock St., Boston
 STINSON, KENNETH EUGENE 135 Neponset Ave., Dorchester
 STOCKLEY, FRANCES MINERVA Bourne, Mass.
 SULLIVAN, ALICE CLARE 24 Fowler St., Randolph
 TUCKER, DORCAS FRY Y.W.C.A., 40 Berkeley St., Boston
 TULLGREN, LILLIAN ELVIRA 1200 Comwlth. Ave., Allston
 TURNER, MARIE CATHERINE 11 Jackson St., Salem
 TUTTLE, GERTRUDE DOROTHY 10 Cheever St., Milton
 VINCENT, HILDA CECILIA 46 State St., New Bedford
 VON NOSTITZ, KATHERINE EMILIE 25 Spruce St., Braintree
 WAITT, NATALIE STEVENS 26 Burley Ave., Danvers
 WEST, FRANCES LORELLE 20 Pelton St., W. Roxbury
 WHITCOMB, MARION GRANVILLE 38 Allston St., Allston
 WHITE, ELIZABETH PRESTON Boston St., Middleton
 WHITMORE, EMMA ELIZABETH 77 Cherry St., Holyoke
 WHITNEY, HENRY BLAIRE
 Y.M.C.A., Huntington Ave., Boston

THE VIGNETTE



THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

HENRY LINEHAN, *President*
MARY SHRODE, *Vice-President*

MARGARET FLEXNER, *Secretary*
LAWRENCE JACOB, *Treasurer*

We, the Student Association, act as the voice of the Student Body. Thru' this organization we can express our views and desires to our members and to the faculty. With the Advisory Board, it forms a basis of union and inter-communion that is very satisfactory.



ADVISORY BOARD

Seated, left to right: Hilda Frost, Roger Wolcott, Miss Munsterberg, Henry Linehan, Miss Whittier, Henry Hochberg, Margaret Flexner.
Standing: Everett Durgin, Jacob Rosenberg, Mary Schrode, Mr. Hoadley, Helen Miles, Andrew Flagg, Lawrence Jacobs.

THE ADVISORY BOARD

The Advisory Board is composed of Mr. Farnum, Miss Whittier, Miss Munsterberg, Mr. Hoadley, the officers of the Student Association, the President of which is the chairman of the meetings, presidents of all classes, director of the Glee Club, and Editors of "The Vignette" and the Year Book. The meetings are held the last Wednesday of each month when all difficulties or class problems are discussed and settled by the board. It was organized mainly to obtain better co-operation with the advice of the Faculty.

THE VIGNETTE



YEAR BOOK STAFF

Front row, left to right: Barbara Spofford, Priscilla Packard, Marjorie Root, Helen Miles, Editor, Alice Burton, Margaret Flexner, Louise Sanger.
Back row: Henry Blattner, William Duncan, Arthur Corsini, Marjorie Soderlund, Dorothy Sharples, Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Alcott, Faculty Advisors, Gordon Reynolds.

The editor wishes to take this opportunity to thank all who have helped in any way to make this publication possible.

We wish to acknowledge also the work of Helene Dauphinee, Irene Nuté, Roger Wolcott and Betsy McMillin.



VIGNETTE STAFF

Front row, left to right: Kenneth Barten, Hilda Fro t, Editor, Doris Whittaker, William Duncan.
Back row: Helen Dauphinee, Rebecca Field, Rachel Clapp, Dorothy Sharples, Marjorie Soderlund, Leo Cole, Helen Stuart, Jessie MacDonald, Elizabeth Macmillin.

"The Vignette," our school magazine, is just the old "Art Gum" under new colors. Here we see ourselves groping for literary art or drawn in amazing cartoons. It helps us enjoy literary high-lights, stories of old Boston, and keeps us in touch with contemporary Art. Way back in the vague regions where, "The Vignette" is concocted we feel the inspiration of Mr. Jamison.

THE VIGNETTE



GLEE CLUB

Seated, left to right: Sylvia Minucci, Lucy Doane, Helene Dauphinee, William Goss (director), Fred Clark, Alice Burton, Freda Nathanson.
 Standing, Hilda Hopkinson, Dorothy Chambers, Theron I. Cain, Harriet Beattie, Evelyn Deshon, Rhoda Kennan, Doris Nooney, Beatrice MacFarland, Olive Jones, Marion Goldman, Muriel Page, Jean Harper, Frances Sillman, Ruth Russell, Victoria Rosatto, David Hoff.

FRED CLARK, *President*
 HELENE DAUPHINEE, *Vice-President*

LUCY DOANE, *Secretary*
 ALICE BURTON, *Treasurer*

Come to the Assembly Hall Wednesday afternoon at 3:45 and you will see and hear these people (at least, some of them) sitting and singing out of the green or brown books, or perhaps from a real chorus number. One of them, you will notice, is a stranger. This is the Director, a student from B. U. who is giving his time, not to mention energy, to help develop the Glee Club. This is the realization of Mr. Wilder's hopes.

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